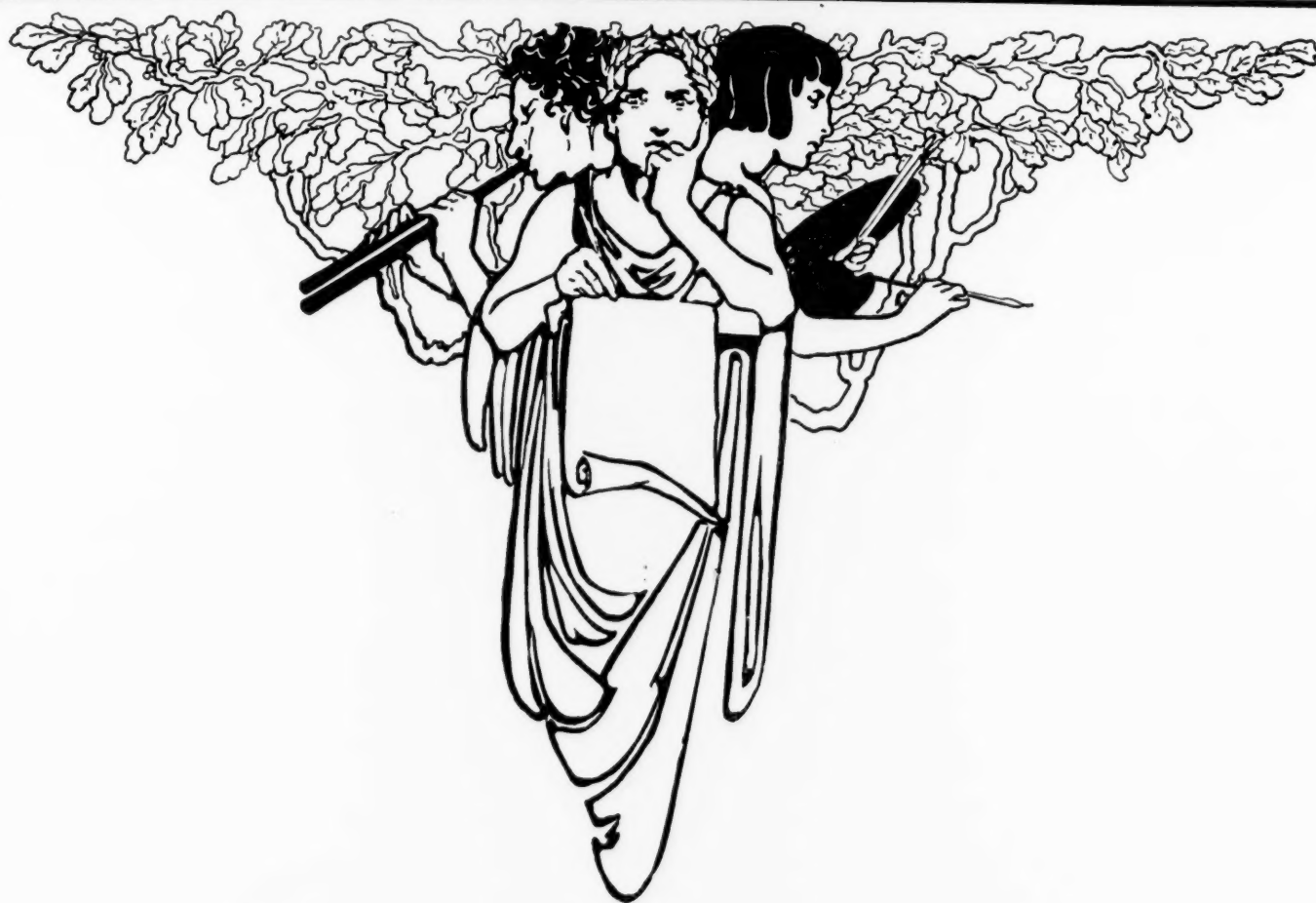


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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Shall We Have War?

By William Marion Reedy

THERE is no other matter on the public mind than the consideration of an answer to the question heading this article.

One thing certain is that nobody in this country wants war—if it can be avoided.

Most people believe that it is President Wilson's purpose to avoid war—if that be possible.

The people trust the President. They know he has the best intentions. They believe in his courage. They believe in his sagacity. They believe he will go to war only as a last recourse.

I doubt, though, that the people believe the whole situation should be left solely in his hands. That were too much power for one man. This is no sudden emergency. It has come upon us gradually. Therefore the condition should be met by congress in conjunction with the President.

There has been too much surrender of authority to the President. It marks an evil tendency—the evasion of responsibility. The congress should be called in extra session, so that in the event of a culminating crisis the necessary action may be taken by a representation wider and closer of the whole people. "Leave it all to the President" is a cry we hear too frequently these days.

Certain authority the President must have, but not *carte blanche*. Congress may or may not pass the situation unreservedly up to him, but it should not do so. If we are to have war, it would be better that congress should declare it. Government should not concentrate in any one man's person.

I have said that the people do not want war. But that does not mean that the people do not want American ships to sail on their business and occasions upon the seas. The people believe in the assertion and maintenance of American rights.

American merchantmen should be armed by the American government or, if necessary, convoyed by American warships. They should be protected to the fullest extent against any violation of their rights under international law. Their rights include that of trading with neutrals and even with belligerents, subject, of course, to warning, visit and search. This was the right of all ships under international law when this war started. The law is not abrogated by the invention, since its adoption, of the submarine.

Germany, and probably Austria-Hungary, too, insist that the law is null and void because under its application they cannot use their submarines effectively. The law cannot be changed to suit the submarines. The submarines have to adjust themselves to the law. Because a submarine cannot successfully torpedo ships if it must first warn them and place passengers and crew in safety, that is no reason why the rule of the sea should be set aside. Merchant ships should not be denied all chance of escape simply because a submarine cannot sink a ship and get away safely if the submarine crew has to see that the people aboard the ship are made safe. The law was made for the safety of ships, not to facilitate their destruction. All this Germany conceded in the case of the *Sussex*. Now it withdraws the concession. Germany's necessity overrules the rights of neutrals, the security of the lives of noncombatants.

A nation that recognizes the rule of law rather than of law-annihilating necessity, cannot yield assent to Germany's action. If it did, there would

be no law upon the seas. The war on the water would become anarchy, if it be not that already.

There is no question of American rights on the sea or of the rights of other neutrals. As the strongest neutral the United States must not sleep on its rights but must assert them and maintain them with all the force at the country's command. This country cannot submit to being ordered off the sea, to having its ships interned in its own harbor, to having its own ports blockaded.

Some people say we ought to withhold our protection from our ships bearing munitions. Specious argument. Our ships have a right to carry munitions but they are subject to visit and search. It is an accident that our ships can only bear munitions to the Entente. It is Germany's fault rather than ours that Germany's ports are closed. And if we give up our right to ship munitions we imperil our right to ship other things. Indeed, everything is munitions in war as it is fought to-day. Nor should the country refuse insurance to ships carrying munitions. We should stand upon all our rights. They are our rights to-day. They may be Germany's rights in some other war. If they need elision and amendment, let the nations in council make the changes for the benefit of all. Let not one country nullify them for her own pressing need.

The President asks for authority to assert our rights and he should have it, but the programme of action he has in mind should be more definite before the authority be given him. In the absence of such definition of purpose on his part, congress should be called in session as a check upon him. It is in no spirit of criticism of the President that I say his request for authorization to act is vague.

What the President seems to intend is not a declaration of war. His purpose seems to be to withhold action until Germany shall commit an act of war. The fact of the matter is that the blockading of our ports is an act of war. And any country less pacifist than our own would so regard it.

Was the sinking of the *Laconia* and the sacrifice of American lives by a German submarine an act of war? Strictly speaking, I think so. American citizens have been killed in violation of the laws of war. If the American people were not so pacifist we would have war within twenty-four hours. But the American people do not want war, and that is why I say no one man should be given power to hurl them into war against their will. There need be no hurry about getting into the war. Therefore, the congress representing all the people should be depended upon to declare the war after discussion and definition of its purpose. A congress that will give the President a free hand for war will go out of power immediately. It will commit the country to a perilous adventure. It had no mandate to do this. The new congress, fresher from the people, should have a voice if there is to be war.

President Wilson apparently wants the country to assume an armed neutrality. That is to say, not to engage in the present war on the side of the Entente Allies, but to protect its own shipping from German attack. There is precedent for this in European history and in our own. It would avoid taking our place with Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy against Germany. It would not be an actual helping towards the crushing of Germany. It would not involve even our protection of the ships of those neutrals who have refused to join with us in severing relations with Germany.

If, incidentally, our action injured Germany, why our answer would be Germany's own answer to us

on her submarine order. Our action would not be directed against her but to our own protection. Any damage to her would be an accident, an indirect result of our care for our own rights. She says her orders are directed against the Entente and if they hurt us she is not responsible and cannot help it. We must look out for our own commerce. If it hurts Germany, we cannot help it.

The very natural answer to the proposition that we shall assume an armed neutrality is that having once done so it may be soon out of our power to maintain that status. German submarines might shell our coast cities. They might invade our waters and sink our ships indiscriminately. That would be a state of war. And once at war, the necessity of victory would compel our co-operation with the Entente Allies. The only thing to do with a war is to end it as quickly as possible by all legitimate means. In this kind of a situation it probably would not be wise to limit the authorization of presidential action by denying him the power to use "all other instrumentalities," such as the instrumentalities of the other enemies of Germany.

If the President is not to be granted the use of all instrumentalities, a time may come when certain instrumentalities withheld or denied shall be necessary and then the congress would have to be called in session. Therefore, it would be only ordinary precaution to have the congress in session to deal with any such emergency.

We don't want a Democratic party war. If we have war, it should be a war of all the people and the people's representatives should declare it otherwise than by proxy. Let us not unload all the responsibility for possible war upon the President simply because he is willing to accept it. He may keep us out of war in some conjunction in which we should not want to be kept out. He may put us into war when we do not want to go that far. Why not leave the matter more to the people's deliberating representatives, seeing that submission of the question to a popular referendum might fatally postpone decision.

As this issue of the MIRROR goes to press, it seems that there may be an extra session of congress. Democrats say the Republicans filibuster to that end. Filibuster or not, a little more deliberation can do no harm and a little more popular participation in a possible declaration of war would not injure the nation's prospects of success in the war if and when declared.

The President may need holding back, though that is not likely. He may need some urging on in possible contingencies. Congress should be on hand with check or goad as may be necessary.

And now, having said so much, I must say that the probabilities of avoiding war are not increased or strengthened by the speech of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in the Reichstag on Tuesday. It was an address utterly inconsiderate of our contentions of international law—contentions that Germany herself maintained during the Spanish-American and the Boer wars. He accuses us of enmity because we did not help Germany break the British blockade when Germany could not break it with her own fleet. He says we should not have shipped munitions to belligerents when it was our clear right to do so, when indeed to refuse to ship munitions would have been to aid Germany deliberately as we aided the Entente indirectly, when international law says clearly that neutrals may ship munitions to any belligerent in whose ports they can be delivered. The Chancellor says we have acted as Germany's enemy. We have not. We have acted as neutrals.

And if we have not severed relations with the Entente powers for interference with our shipping, it is because the Entente powers have injured our property rights, which can be atoned for in law and by payment of damages, whereas Germany has taken and proposes to take American lives in defiance of the law of nations to which she had subscribed before this war.

Moreover, the deaths of American citizens in open

boats from exhaustion after their removal from the torpedoed *Laconia*, demonstrate that such disposition of the neutrals and noncombatants does not fulfill the obligation of Germany to provide for the safety of such persons. The *Laconia* was not warned of attack. The occurrence was a plain defiance of this country's attitude towards the sinking of merchant vessels. If it be not an overt act, one wonders what kind of an atrocity or barbarism must we wait before we conclude that an overt act has been committed.

We cannot in honor escape from the duty of at least arming our merchantmen that take to the sea. The state must protect its citizens in the exercise of their rights at sea. That is what a state is for.

If out of such provision for protection comes war, then the bloodguiltiness thereof will not be on our head but on Germany's.

But if the suavity of Woodrow Wilson be equal to such an achievement as negotiating us somehow out of a clash with the arrogant central powers of Europe, the country will rejoice, for even though war is so imminent, the fact remains that the greatest triumph for democracy, its most magnificent justification before the world would be the demonstration of the ability of one hundred million people of this country to keep from plunging under strong provocation into that horrid hell from which three hundred million Europeans are praying to escape.

Even now we must not give up our hope of peace. But neither must we give up under duress the rights of our own people who go down to the sea in ships. If we must have war, it will be a war for freedom and for not alone American, but for all human rights, under law, in a civilized world.

And now the news of Germany's incredibly stupid plot against us with Mexico and, probably, Japan, while professing friendship. Atop of the detention of our consuls, the holding of Americans from the *Varrowdale*, the sinking of the *Laconia*, this treachery. Germany wants war.

Let her have it—to the hilt.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

HONOR to Governor Gardner of Missouri. He is going to put through the legislature his programme practically as he formulated it. He is going to borrow \$2,000,000 to tide the state over a desperate stringency. The legislature has to do as he wishes or the dominant party in that body will insure the loss of the state in the next election. The governor attains his ends without any frenzies or fanfarranades. He is efficient and democratic, too. He will deserve well of the people for rationalizing and rectifying the tax system into some conformity with decency and justice, and for abolishing the barbarous slave system in the penitentiary. Now let the governor get behind the children's code measures and the workmen's compensation act and force them to passage. The people demand these enactments. The governor's party is pledged to their support. The governor can command his party because the governor is right, because there are no strings on him.

♦♦

THAT high cost of living! What is there to say about it that's fit to print? Where do the profits go? Not to the producer. The middlemen are not getting rich. There is extortion and graft, but it is not distributed. Talk there is of an investigation. What's the use? An investigation may not reveal it, but the high prices that accumulate between the producer and the ultimate consumer go to the holders of privileges of one kind or another. Destroy privilege and the high cost of living will come down.

♦♦

ST. LOUIS is in the good news. Mr. Lewis B. Ely's play, "A Dry Town," originally presented here,

has enjoyed a run to crowded houses for four weeks and is entering upon a fifth week. Now, no matter what critics may think or say, though in fact they think and speak well of "A Dry Town"—any dramatic work that can hold audiences in such a fashion must have the true quality of appeal. It may not be great drama, but it is drama the people recognize for the life they know. Mr. Ely's play may strike popular interest by its timeliness to the interest in the prospect of wide-reaching sumptuary legislation, but no such adventitious interest could carry a piece as far as this play has gone. "A Dry Town" is good comedy, good life in short, and it seems destined to develop from a local into a national success.

♦♦

Looks like the whole country is going "bone dry." If the country wants it, the country will have it. But the nearest to a "bone dry" country we know is Turkey, and Turkey is no idyllic or ideal state for emulation here.

♦♦

THIS issue of the MIRROR is largely a book number. St. Louisans do not buy books in proportion to the population. But all St. Louisans who buy books read this paper and so do most St. Louisans who can read print and words of more than one syllable. To such I commend a perusal of the books reviewed this week and the publishers' announcements. To the large clientele of readers outside of St. Louis this paper's book reviews have been an aid to culture and enjoyment. MIRROR readers in every state in the union will find this week an elegant sufficiency of news of and comment upon new books that answer the need of every really intelligent person with a soul above the crime column and the sporting page—some good book to read.

♦♦

Jack London and O. Henry

A PARALLEL

By John L. Hervey

THE question of America's contribution to literature—a question which, it may be remarked in passing, vexes peculiarly those who may be classified as non-contributors—has been oftenest answered in the affirmative when the "short story" arises for discussion as a literary form. Not that it is or can be claimed to be an American invention. But it can, with considerable color of plausibility, be contended that nowhere else has the short story attained such prestige as with us, nowhere else has its production been so profuse, and, in particular, nowhere else can be singled out so unequivocal a group of its masters as America may boast.

It is a commonplace of the critical laboratories that the modern short story was virtually the creation of Poe—a canon which is accepted on both sides of the Atlantic. Virtually contemporaneous with him was Hawthorne, whose practice in the form has been acknowledged as consummate. Washington Irving is sometimes grouped with our *maitres auteurs*, but the "Sketch Book," which antedated Poe, as did "Tales of a Traveler," does not belie its name. Of its kind it has never been surpassed, but its kind is different: "Rip Van Winkle" is no more of the same *genre* as "The Fall of the House of Usher" or "Rappaccini's Daughter" than is a mezzotint by Bartolozzi of the same *genre* as an etching by Méryon. In the line of descent from Poe and Hawthorne, Bret Harte occupies an intermediary place, a place considerably lower, but yet the place of a master—and, particularly, of a master who worked from a new point of departure and traversed a new terrain. The Nomansland, the misty mid-region in which the creations of the two forerunners lived and moved and had their being, he exchanged for an habitation intensely if fantastically local, while for their immateriality he substituted a materialism in its way as excessive. All three of these tale-tellers were great influences as well as

writers of genius. The influence of Poe has been the most pervasive and the most nearly universal. The influence of Hawthorne has, in a less degree, resembled the influence of Poe, as the *correspondances* in their art gave warrant. The influence of Harte has been more strongly national, more direct and, if less subtle, more vigorous. And our two great latter-day short story writers both derive directly from him. These two *conteurs*—though it were perhaps more correct to designate one of them at least as rather a *raconteur*—have left us, one only a few months, the other but a few seasons ago, but both are already classic, and both have founded schools of their own. Nor is it overstating the case to declare that O. Henry and Jack London are today the most powerful formative influences in the field where they worked with such extraordinary success.

The temptation to consider together these two masters—for masters assuredly they were and will remain—is, to the observer of life and the lover of literature almost irresistible. They may be said, indeed, veritably to clamor for a Plutarch. Why and how we may here attempt to sketch, if we cannot deliberately and circumstantially unfold.

While O. Henry was the older man—he was born in 1862 and Jack London not until 1876, the one being a native of North Carolina and the other of California—their literary debuts were almost simultaneous and their careers largely synchronous. I have before me a copy of the first edition of the first book of Jack London, "The Son of the Wolf," and the date it bears is 1900. According to the bibliographies, O. Henry's first book, "Cabbages and Kings," bears date of 1904. But as a matter of fact, both writers first attracted attention by short stories contributed to the magazines in the latter 'nineties. Both were extraordinarily fertile, not less fecund in production than expert in craftsmanship. Within ten years O. Henry's published work (he died in 1910) filled twelve volumes. Within seventeen, Jack London published something like thirty! Not all the latter's "output" was, however, fiction; there are essays, volumes of social studies, of autobiography, and others of other sorts. It is said by investigators that materials exist, uncollected or unpublished, for several additional O. Henry volumes; and possibly, all things considered, the rate of composition was, for both writers, nearly the same.

In yet another trait, and that an important one, they exhibit a curious resemblance. Both O. Henry and Jack London lived lives as romantic as anything they ever wrote. The careers of none of their heroes were more amazing than their own. O. Henry is already a legend, a legend which an "official" biography just from the press has rather added to than dissipated. And Jack London will inevitably become one, despite the series of autobiographies that he has left behind him. Not so frankly, yet still liberally, O. Henry, we are assured, made "copy" of his own adventures and experiences. But the less obvious manner of his doing so leaves it a matter of difficulty for us to verify the facts—which, again, facilitates the "legend."

So much for the similarities. Approaching the dissimilarities, the horizon is of the widest, yet rising upon it are beacons and landmarks by which we may find our way. Let us begin with their names. There is nothing about that of O. Henry to suggest, at first sight, the pseudonym, the *nom de plume*; while that of Jack London might readily be supposed an assumed one. Yet the opposite is the fact. O. Henry was a literary disguise, Jack London was born Jack London. Henry, for reasons, sought to remain unknown to the public—he shunned his fame and lurked perdu; whereas London even went onto the lecture platform and his personal acquaintance was a wide one. Yet O. Henry was perhaps as thorough and as indulgent a lover of his kind as ever lived among them, while Jack London was constitutionally an "enemy of society," and as one entitled one of the most famous of his books "The Voice of the City," so the other entitled the most famous of his "The Call of the Wild." The authors

of "critical studies" could expand this into thick volumes of "psychoanalysis," so diverse are its ramifications and so intriguing their expression.

We will not be far astray if we admit that society really ill-used Henry, and that he had ample reason to avenge himself upon it, but never did so; whereas the grudge that London nursed against it was chimerical and, for the most part, self-created. Probably no two temperaments ever differed more widely and these differences led one to the envisagement of life as a human comedy and the other as a cosmic tragedy. Perhaps no better clue to this is afforded than the poetical mottoes that the two men affixed to those of their books which are perhaps most truly typical of their attitude. That chosen by Henry for "Cabbages and Kings," comprehending indeed the very title of the book itself, is a stanza from the nonsense verses of Lewis Carroll; while that chosen by London for "The Call of the Wild" is a stanza from the "Atavism" of John Myers O'Hara, than which no modern lyric probes deeper into the abysses of personality. Henry himself likened his *contes* to "turns and movies;" while it was constitutionally impossible for London to be anything but deadly serious. If melancholy did not mark him for her own, Melpomene assuredly led him by the hand, and we may justly divide between the two men the *mot* of Heine upon de Musset and say that the muse of tragedy had kissed one of them upon the brow and the muse of comedy the other upon the lips.

It is not overstating the case to denominate O. Henry the most proficient "entertainer" in the entire range of American letters—we need not even except Mark Twain. Jack London aspired to a higher title, aimed to play a heavier rôle. A small stage and a diminutive drama formed O. Henry's ideal *mise-en-scène*. Jack London ranged the illimitable spaces of undiscovered countries and all but unknown worlds. O. Henry saw "people," "characters," "situations," sharply limned them, upon backgrounds vivid but vignettéd. Jack London beheld the environment, strained to behold the universe, and in it the human pygmy, blindly struggling against the blind forces to which in the end he must succumb. Henry stalked life among the "four million," snapping it right and left with a camera focused for "close-ups," choosing the amusing moment and the diverting episode, aflame with "local color" and flooded as with a calcium's light. Jack London painted wide canvases with heavy, even brutal brush strokes, his *dramatis personae* from familiar and often monstrous. His composition aims not at color but at tonality and is bathed in a *chiar-oscuro* in which barbarous shapes and violent actions appear and disappear, formidable, menacing, not momentary but, so far as he was able to bestow it, tinged with eternity.

In using these terms, let it be understood that I speak only of the best work of the two writers, by which they have the right to be judged. In a sense the work of each is all of a piece, but the piece is sleazy in spots, uneven in others, with patches of inferior workmanship and impermanent dye. This is especially true of London, who wrote far too rapidly and was unable to resist the temptations of commercialism. But at their best what virtuosi they are! It is impossible to withhold our admiration of their literary craftsmanship. In this respect both arrived at their best estate surprisingly early. Jack London's first book, written at twenty-three, exhibits his form and style almost perfected; while at twenty-six he wrote—I will rather say, created, for the book is a true creation—"The Call of the Wild," his brevet for immortality. Personally, I am willing to go on record as, if I could choose, preferring rather to be known as the author of that book than of any other piece of American prose of the last half-century. Repeated rereadings intensify my appreciation of its literary art, affirm the conviction that in this respect it is truly a *chef d'oeuvre*; while beyond and above this towers the gripping elemental power with which it is informed. In epic quality it surpasses anything else

of our time—it is, indeed, a prose poem, rising to grandeur in outline and proportion and worked out with a complete mastery of material and resource. What is told is told with unswerving directness, but what is suggested transcends what is told. Thus it is of two-fold significance. It can be read, simply for the narrative's sake, by the mere story-reader, and it can be read for its profound implications and their artistic embodiment by the reader who reads for other than the story. With both will remain the sense of a marvelous adventure. It communicates its spirit and invests with its own atmosphere—that is, unless the reader be incapable temperamentally, of yielding to its spell—as he may be if, perchance, he dwells in the world of H. G. Wells, or Arnold Bennett, or Bernard Shaw, or Theodore Dreiser, or Anatole France. Such as these it may leave cold, nor can the denizen of the atelier, the salon, the study and the purlieu be blamed for shivering in its boreal solitudes and creeping to the comfort of his familiar human haunts.

The sense of space, as I have tried to make plain, is always present in the work of London, but with the curious connotation that his outlook was not really a wide one, paradoxical as this may seem. Divorce him from the Wild in which he is so much at home, either on land or sea, and speedily we have him gasping. His "space" is not three-dimensional and his psychology will not remain fluid outside its natural groove. The eternal womanly eluded him, as did much else which he sought to grasp, and these revelations of his weak side, his limitations, form the asymmetrical portion of his work. We must also, it is to be owned, admit a certain monotony, a tendency to repeat himself—though possibly this may be assigned to the commercial temptation. When a *conte* means at least \$1,500, and perhaps double that, upon delivery, "as is," the variant and the *rechauffé* become inevitable. As illustration, compare one of the stories in London's first volume, "The Son of the Wolf," i. e., "In a Far Country," with one in his last volume, which came from the press almost simultaneously with his death; that entitled "Finis," in "The Turtles of Tasman." Incidentally it may also be observed that the central figure in the tale which gives its name to this volume is not, as has been suggested, an idealized self-portrait, but a second limning, in fictional guise, of Frank Dinsmore, whose adventures he had previously sketched in one of his early volumes.

With all reservations made, however, the best of the *contes* of Jack London remain powerful and beautiful compositions, whose power and beauty gain in contrast with the swarm of imitations that, parasite-wise, cling about them. Let us not, however, use this term as descriptive of the *contes* of O. Henry. These are pure "performances," executed by a prestidigitator. They vary in degree from the slap-stick to the complete comedy in miniature, but always and invariably they are "put over" with full certainty of effect. No writer employing the English language has played upon it with such uncanny control of his instrument—like, for all the world, a Paganini of prose, incapable of doing other than precisely what he wills. The twelve volumes of the "Collected Works" constitute perhaps the most remarkable example of sustained bravura in any literature. What fingers! What a wrist! What howling and stopping! What incredible darting up and down the gamut! What cadenzas and "devil's trills!" How precise the pitch, how correct the key, how marvelous the modulations for just the piece which the performer offers! And when, apparently, the last technical triumph has been exhausted, the executant will invent new ones and toss them off with airy unconcern, like simple scales. The spirit never flags, the invention never fails, the agility never falters. No such "turn" as this was ever seen before on any stage, no such "movies" thrown on any screen.

This performer has also an eye and a heart. He sacrifices to Momus, but he has seen the face behind the mask and when he chooses, strange vibrancies and sonorities escape his strings. He can be a poet,

too. Is there a lovelier line in the world than that in which he makes immortal Isabel Guilbert?—"She wore life like a rose at her bosom." If he ever read it, that must have aroused the envy of George Meredith himself. And then the mask falls and to the accompaniment of twanging pizzicato that same seductive siren is presented—how? Why, "They say she can look at a man once and he'll turn monkey and climb trees to pick coconuts for her!"

Of such is the kingdom of Henry—a kingdom as far removed from that of London as is Second Avenue from Sitka. Yet are its fauna and its flora no less strange, for of all strangeness none excels that of the familiar. And nowhere has the familiar "freak" awoke to such tingling literary life as in the pages of this, his arch-celebrant. Let us allow that at times the celebrant seems too hot in the chase the freakishness becoming the end and not the means; that just as we are aware of something monotonous in the Londonesque *métier*, so are we in the Henryesque. The incredible velocity of the tempo, the incessant rattle of the staccati, the constant flash of arpeggio and glitter of glissando—these may wax wearisome, too. When the virtuoso falls a victim to his own virtuosity, becomes *effetuoso* merely, the entertainment overshoots the mark. Yet these deductions do not sensibly diminish the totality of the achievement. They are the defects of its qualities and as such we may indicate them and pass on. Like London, Henry attempted the novel, but never mastered it. His productions so called are rather concatenations of *contes*, strung together with cleverness but incomplete success. On the other hand, again and again he packs a volume into a half-dozen pages. He needs less room than London in which to maneuver and no literary spectacle is more fascinating to the craftsman than his manner of turning. The turn is always human, for Henry cleaves to the idiosyncratic as closely as London to the elemental. The social organism is his world and such of its aspects as he singles out for presentation he renders with just that exaggeration of the truth necessary to impart to them the permanence which only an assured art can confer.

Yet, I think, "The Call of the Wild" will prove more enduring than "The Voice of the City." If I were importuned to say why, I should say, because before Society was the Wild, just as it will be after Society has passed. The material of London was the more perdurable, and so his work will be.

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The Little Theater Again

By Williamina Parrish

AFTER witnessing the masterly performance of Ibsen's ghosts at the Artists' Guild Little Theater this week, there can be no further doubt as to the real mission of the little theater movement in general nor of the significant importance to this city of that little band of serious artists who call themselves the Little Playhouse Company. Nor can there be any doubt as to what is and what is not the most satisfying type of play for any little theater.

From the first I have stubbornly protested that the little theater is primarily for the presentation of the static, psychological form of drama, rather than for the spectacularly fanciful. A comparison of the seven series of evenings by the Little Playhouse Company proves this conclusively. Only in such offerings as "The Playboy" and "In a Balcony" and "Ghosts" did these artists have the proper chance to display their real caliber, and only these three evenings out of the seven were of definite value and distinction. But we had to wade through all the others in order to arrive at this conclusion, since, for most of us, the little theater was a mere name.

The opportune coming here of the Washington Square Players and the Portmanteau Players in the same week, followed by the exquisite performance of "Ghosts" by our own local company was an eye-opener, and told the tale once and for all. And now

if we allow our company to descend to drivel again, then are we indeed idiots. At first we were as the babe unborn—now we know, and knowing, we should allow no compromises.

The little theater is for intelligent grown-ups, not for children and half-baked, pink-blooded folk who are ignorant of life or afraid of it. And this silly business of "becoming again as a little child" is getting to be a beastly bore. It is a truly Anglo-Saxon vice, ~~at any rate~~, wherever it originated, it has succeeded in cluttering up our stage with a viciously vacuous attempt to simulate a wide-eyed, baby-stare sort of unsophistication that is insulting to intelligence. We are not children and it makes us ridiculous to pretend to be.

We must "put away the things of a child." Life is so vividly delectable to be passed in mauve-gray lists of would-be child-fantasy. It shrivels the body and stultifies the soul—and then, too, in heaven's name where is our sense of humor? The infantile pabulum that Stuart Walker dished up to us, though ever so exquisitely dished, was after all, of no vital importance or significance in any sense of the word—it was much cry and little wool. Contrast his whole repertoire while here with that of our own company so far, and we have the better of him, even though we can plead guilty to several dull evenings.

Mr. Walker put up nothing but dullness, it seemed to me. He has gathered together a collection of beardless boys, adolescently uncertain as to voice and legs, and he has then proceeded to "make the punishment fit the crime" by producing plays with no problems to vex their young innocence. Within these constraining boundaries quite an amount of delicate stagecraft was unfolded for our delectation—of simple and telling arrangement of color and line, and variety of lighting effect. But one cannot live on Celtic twilights and visionings forever. It is like feeding a wolf-hound on milk. Grown-ups need more solid food—they must be made to think and feel deeply, not merely to smirk self-consciously and mock—infantilely—that pose which is always so nauseatingly omnipresent in Anglo-Saxon countries, where they refuse to face facts.

In plays for grown-ups, like "Ghosts," we are brought face to face with facts. And Ibsen's masterly delineation of the tragedy of the sins of the fathers, with its clean-cut sub-idea of the contrast between the narrow, selfish, holier-than-thou attitude of the church as against the courageous straight-seeing and direct-doing of the free mind and soul, was never more forcefully or subtly portrayed than by Miss Scott, Mr. Millman, Mr. Vonnegut, Mr. Hurley and Miss Hertz of the Little Playhouse company.

It is difficult to express in mere words what these sensitive, intelligent artists achieved in scene after scene of suppressed intensity. True, the words they spoke were the words of a supreme master of psychology and fearless thinking—and of stagecraft. But, reading them ever so searchingly, one can never realize their deep humanness and truth with the same force as when hearing them spoken as they were spoken by these artists. Miss Scott was *Mrs. Alving*; Mr. Millman was *Oswald*, and so with the others in this exquisite cameo impersonation. And with a repressed dignity and sincerity they unfolded the pitiful and inevitable tragedy through scene after scene, mounting to the final hysterical climax with a sureness and evenness that was supreme art. The long emotional scenes between mother and son were sustained at a pitch of high-strung, nervous tension that, in less capable and experienced hands would spell disaster. But one felt no such fear with Miss Scott and Mr. Millman. They held the souls of this mother and son in the hollow of their hands. It was more than fine acting—more than clever impersonating. And no less vital and compelling, in a less nervously emotional way, were the *Pastor Manders* of Mr. Vonnegut and the *Regina* of Miss Hertz, the welcome newcomer to the company. These four artists are as fine a nucleus for a little theater company as could be desired. And we should

realize this before it is too late. To have achieved so much in such a brief space of time is little short of miraculous. With proper encouragement and appreciation, what might they not give to us of permanent beauty and value!

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Why Do Men Fight?

By Victor S. Yarros

SEVERAL months ago Bertrand Russell, the English philosopher and pacifist, published a book which, in his own country, bore the title, "Principles of Social Reconstruction." In some quarters it elicited high, even enthusiastic, praise. It was called "the book of the war" and "the book of the century." In other quarters it was either damned with faint praise or else bluntly characterized as superficial and inadequate.

The same book has been published in this country and given a more fetching and sensational title—"Why Men Fight" (Century Co., New York). The demand for the book is active, owing to Mr. Russell's troubles with his own government, as well as to fact that he is undoubtedly an original and independent thinker and a progressive of the progressives.

Well, what contribution has this daring philosopher and humanist made to the literature of social reconstruction, or to the literature that deals with the causes of war and international hatreds and butchery?

It is well to answer the question by recognizing its divisibility. So far as social reconstruction is concerned, Mr. Russell argues and writes almost like a philosophical anarchist. He believes that the State has too much power, too much scope, and that it tends to destroy individuality and initiative—to give men a feeling of impotence and helplessness. He wants less State-ism and more voluntary co-operation. He favors the extension of State activities only in certain directions—albeit here he is a little illogical and inconsistent. For instance, scientific research he regards as a State function, because, he says, few individuals would incur the necessary expense of research and the risks of failure. But would not voluntary organizations for the promotion of research be likely—nay, certain—to spring up? Is not practically all our higher education privately endowed?

In the main, Mr. Russell is very sound on the subject of State-ism and its evils. He would foster trade unions, syndicates, co-operative societies, leagues and clubs of various kinds. He would have plenty of local autonomy and variety in government. He is a federalist and home ruler. He realizes and insists on the importance of competition in government and administration. He distrusts bureaucracy and officialism. He is aware of the demoralizing effect of institutionalism and advocates organizations for the preservation of individual and group liberty.

In this chapter Mr. Russell gives many valuable hints toward social reconstruction. Socialists and other "institutionalists" should ponder these hints. The necessity of curbing plutocracy has been so imperative in the last decade or two that the danger of carrying governmentalism too far has been overlooked by many. We cannot permit plutocrats and champions of privilege to take the name of liberty, or individualism, in vain—as Messrs. Taft, Root and Lodge have been doing recently. But, on the other hand, it would be folly to ignore the moral and intellectual dangers of bureaucracy and State-ism. Voices like that of Mr. Russell should not be voices crying in a wilderness.

The chapter on property I find less satisfactory and even irritating. Mr. Russell opposes the right of bequest and inheritance, but furnishes no real argument against this right. Indeed, he writes like a State-ist, rather than like an enlightened individualist, on this matter. Why, under just and rational conditions, should not a man be entitled to

dispose of his savings by will? If one's property has been earned and saved, what right has "the State" to it after one's death? Surely, our troubles have grown not out of inheritance laws, but out of monopoly and privilege, of aggression and injustice in the accumulation of wealth.

Even this chapter, however, contains some good things. As the author says, we attach far too much importance to security and too little to opportunity. We are too timid. We emphasize possessions rather than satisfactions and enjoyment. We deny ourselves pleasure for the sake of future protection. We check wholesome impulses. We fail to develop our faculties or give expression to our better natures. Growth, the joy of life, should be our motto. Industry and society should be so organized as to permit and encourage vigorous and intense living. At present the fear of poverty, of unemployment, of pauperism, of loss of standing and respectability cause all of us, with few exceptions, to overvalue property, money, security, and to stunt and repress our natures—to destroy life, in short.

In the chapters on marriage and on education, Mr. Russell has no difficulty in pointing out needed changes calculated to do away with causes of aggression and friction. Men have fought for women, for example, and will long continue to fight for them; but more freedom in marriage and in the relations between the sexes, less emphasis on "possession" and "property in women" would tend to eliminate jealousy.

So much for the lines of social reconstruction. But does all this answer the question, "Why Do Men Fight?"

Yes and no. Mr. Russell does not directly answer the question. He intends us to draw certain inferences. He furnishes clues and hints. It is a pity he did not attempt to give a direct, plain answer. The attempt would have been useful and instructive—not only to the reading public, but to the philosophers.

Why do men fight? Because they are compelled to fight by the State they fear and accept? To answer "Yes," is to suggest another question, Why do men fear and accept the State? Is the State imposed on them by a few wicked conspirators and designing tyrants? Hardly—such a notion is manifestly crude and hollow. *Men believe in the State*; it represents and reflects their beliefs and sentiments. After all, institutions are appropriate to the ideas and sentiments of men. Institutions may outlive their usefulness and appropriateness, but they cannot survive, indefinitely, fundamental changes in facts, ideas and sentiments. The State is not yet outgrown, antiquated, obsolete. The State, therefore, cannot be said to be responsible for war. The State and war have the same general basis. If men wanted peace, they would soon overthrow the present State and convert it into a very different sort of instrument or agency. War is the greatest enemy of liberty and social reform, as Mr. Russell says, and as Spencer and others had said before him. War adds to the power of the State and destroys democracy and individual freedom. War breeds national and racial antagonisms that strengthen the State and retard internal progress in every direction. Where, then, are we to begin? To fight the State is to fight war; to fight war is to fight the State. To fight war and the State is to fight those ideas and sentiments on which both the State and war rest and by which they are maintained. Is there any escape from this conclusion?

If not, another conclusion imposes itself—and it is this: Man is not fully socialized or adapted to the condition of peace and co-operation, of maximum individual liberty and the minimum of interference and compulsion. Men fight because they are still aggressive and intolerant. If we could abolish law and the State to-day, what would follow? Lynch law, anarchy (small a, please), and chaos. Law and the State—natural growths—are better than such conditions, but they are not good enough for "developed" persons. We want a better political and social organization; we want a better international

organization. We have confidence in the future; we think our ideas are sound and bound to prevail. But, in the meantime, the great majority of men are fairly well represented by the State and by nationalism and nationalistic diplomacy. To change institutions, we must change the ideas and sentiments of a very formidable minority, if not an actual majority, of our fellows. This, by the way, is a slow process at the best.

In short, men fight because they do not know any better, and because it is their nature to fight those they dislike or hate. We may not be able fundamentally to change human nature, but we are able to change the direction and application of human impulses and energies. We may put the fighting on a higher plane. We have abolished the duel, we are abolishing lynching, and why not seek to substitute arbitration for war in international affairs?

Again, men fight because they crave adventure and excitement, because their life is dull and empty and hard. Can we say, however, that if all men were made fairly comfortable and, in addition, were educated to enjoy nature and art, none of them would care to fight? Hardly. We know that wealthy men, educated men, lovers of nature and art, enlist and fight without compulsion. We know that the "poverty and grinding toil" explanation of the war spirit does not cover the ground. No single thing covers the ground. Hence, there is no royal road to peace, no sovereign remedy for war.

General comfort would help. Education of the right kind helps. Commerce, travel, reading help. International freedom of trade and open doors in "undeveloped markets" would help powerfully. The abolition of standing armies, of professional soldiers who, naturally enough, want to apply their science and art after learning them and having their being in them, would promote the cause of peace. Socialist and syndicalist propaganda, like all international movements, will help. Open and democratic diplomacy will help.

But, to say all this, is to say that men fight because they are what they are, and that to do away with war it is necessary to reform most of our institutions and the ideas, sentiments and habits of most of us humans. Only small groups have the intelligence and the desire to work for the necessary reforms. This fact makes for discouragement and for pessimism—until we stop to reflect, and realize, that certain great forces, not associated with "Reform," are co-operating with the groups of conscientious reformers. Among these great forces are steam, electricity, commerce, science, philosophy, art, popular education, travel. If we did not have the co-operation of these factors, reform would indeed be an idle dream. With them, we are strong and rightly confident of gradual success. The enlightened reformer is merely an evolutionist who sees a little more and better than the majority, who understands the changes going on in the world, and who wishes to facilitate and accelerate the inevitable changes.

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The Exiles of Florida

By H. A. Danford

REEDY'S MIRROR of February 16th contained an interesting "Reflection" upon the subject of the deportation of the Cherokees to the Indian Territory—an act of shame. There are other such acts in our national history.

It is doubtful if one in a thousand, or even one in ten thousand, of the present generation, has ever heard the true story of the Exiles of Florida, yet the history of this unfortunate people constitutes a page in the annals of the nation so dark and dismal that it is comparable only with the atrocities inflicted upon the Armenians by the unspeakable Turk. The story of our inhumanity, our hypocrisy, duplicity and deceit has been told in all its hideous details by contemporaneous writers of national reputation and well-known veracity, who obtained all the facts and documentary evidence down to the small-

est detail, and spared no pains in giving them publicity in the forceful and vigorous language which only righteous indignation can inspire.

Florida was originally settled by Spaniards, in 1558. They were the first people to engage in the African slave trade, and sought to supply other nations with servants from the coast of Guinea. The colonists held many slaves, expecting to accumulate wealth by the unrequited toil of their fellow-man. Among these colonists were the Carolinians, who also held many slaves. Profiting greatly by the labor of her servants, the people of Carolina sought to increase their wealth still more by enslaving the Indians who resided in their vicinity. Hence, in the early slave codes of that colony, we find reference to "negro and other slaves."

The efforts of the Carolinians to enslave the Indians brought with them the natural and appropriate penalties. The Indians soon began to make their escape from servitude to the Indian country, now constituting the state of Georgia, at that time mostly occupied by the Creek Indians. This example was soon followed by the African slaves, who also fled to the Indian country, but, in order to secure themselves from pursuit, continued their journey into Florida, settling in the valleys of the Apalachicola and Suwanee rivers. Here they were permitted to occupy lands upon the same terms that were granted to the citizens of Spain; indeed, they in all respects became free subjects of the Spanish crown, and a demand by their owners for the return of those fugitive slaves who had found an asylum in Florida was promptly rejected by the representative of the Spanish government.

In the course of time irreconcilable differences arose among the Creek Indians, and large numbers left that tribe—at that time residing within the present limits of Georgia and Alabama—and continuing their journey southward entered the territory of Florida, where they were warmly welcomed by the Spaniards, incorporated with the Spanish population, entitled under the Spanish Colonial policy to lands wherever they could find them unoccupied, and to the protection of Spanish laws.

These Indians settled in the vicinity of the Exiles, associated with them, and a mutual sympathy and respect existing, some of their people intermarried, thereby strengthening the ties of friendship. Having fled from oppression and taken refuge under Spanish laws, and becoming identified with the Exiles, these Indians became known by the name which the Creeks had formerly bestowed upon the fugitives from slavery, *i. e.*, Seminoles, which in the dialect of that tribe signified "runaways."

The number of the Exiles, being continually augmented by slaves escaping from servitude, finally became such a menace to the then existing slave power that we find the Georgia colonists, in 1776, appealing to congress for a large force of Continental troops to prevent their slaves from deserting their masters. This was the first attempt upon the part of the slave power to compel the nation to bear the burden of its "peculiar institution" by furnishing a military force sufficient to hold its bondmen in fear.

Several attempts were made forcibly to re-enslave the Exiles, but without success, and when Mr. Madison assumed the duties of president in 1809, the Exiles were quietly enjoying their freedom without fear of molestation. Living under the protection of Spain, and feeling their right to liberty to be "self-evident," they believed the United States to have tacitly admitted their claims to freedom. This impression was based, in large measure, upon the glowing language of Mr. Madison, when, in the convention that framed the constitution, he had declared, "it would be wrong to admit, in that instrument, that man can hold property in man."

The plantations of the Exiles extended along the Apalachicola river several miles above and below the fort which had been erected for their protection from the slave-catchers. Many of them had large possessions in cattle and horses. Several generations had lived to manhood and died in those sylvan

homes. Surrounded by extensive forests, far removed from the cares and strifes of more civilized men, they were happy in their own social solitude. So far from seeking to injure the people of the United States, they were only anxious to be exempt and entirely free from all contact with our population or government.

Peace with Great Britain, after the Treaty of Ghent, had left our army without active employment. A portion of it was stationed along the southern frontier of Georgia to maintain peace with the Indians. Most of the officers commanding in the South were slaveholders, and probably felt a strong sympathy with the people in their indignation against the Exiles for obtaining and enjoying liberty without permission of their masters. The Exiles, or their ancestors, had once been slaves. They were now cultivating the richest lands in Florida and possessed wealth. If they were permitted to enjoy their plantations and property in peace, it was evident that the "institution" in adjoining states would be in danger of a total overthrow. These facts were apparent to General Jackson, as well as to General Gaines and the slaveholders.

Accordingly, on the 16th of May, 1816, an order was issued by General Jackson to General Gaines to blow up their fort, regardless of the fact that it stood on Spanish ground sixty miles from the border, and to return the "stolen negroes" and property to their "rightful owners."

This order was literally obeyed. General Gaines only waited the orders of his superior to carry out the designs of the slaveholders. The Exiles, having been informed of the measures adopted for their destruction, fled with their families to the fort for protection. They had no idea of the advantages arising from scientific warfare; they believed their fortification impregnable.

Two gunboats were sent up the river to attack the fort, while on the land side a large force took position so as to cut off retreat in that direction. Then both the land and naval forces of the United States engaged in throwing shot and shells for the purpose of murdering those friendless Exiles, those women and children, whose only offense was that of having been born of parents who, a century previously, had been held in bondage.

The struggle was not protracted. The cannon balls not taking effect upon the embankments of earth, they commenced the fire of hot shot, directed at the principal magazine. This mode proved more successful. A ball, fully heated, reached the powder in the magazine. The small size of the fort, and the great number of the people in it, rendered the explosion unusually fatal. Of 334 persons within the fort, 270 were instantly killed, while of the sixty who remained, only three escaped without injury. Those who recovered from their wounds were delivered over to men who claimed to have descended from planters who, some three or four generations previously, owned the ancestors of the prisoners. They were taken to the interior and sold to different planters. There they mingled with that mass of chattelized humanity which characterized the southern states, and were swallowed up in that tide of oppression which is now, happily, a thing of the past.

In this massacre nearly every Exile resident upon the Appalachian river, including women and children, perished or were re-enslaved. Their homes were left desolate; their plantations, and their herds of cattle and horses, became the property of those who first obtained possession of them. Probably one-third of all the Exiles at that time resident in Florida perished in this massacre or were re-enslaved; yet the atrocious character of the transaction appears to have attracted very little attention at the time. General Jackson was popular as a military officer and the administration of Mr. Madison was regarded with general favor. No member of congress protested against the transaction or made known its barbarity to the people; while the ablest members brought all their rhetoric to bear in vindication of those concerned in the outrage. A bill was passed, without opposition, twenty-two years

later, granting \$5,000 to the officers, marines and sailors who constituted the crews of those gunboats, as compensation for their "gallant" services.

While Mr. Clay and others severely condemned the technical invasion of Florida as an act of hostility toward the king of Spain, they omitted all reference to this wanton massacre of the Exiles. The officers of the government, and historians of that day, appear to have avoided all reference to the fact, and more than twenty years elapsed after this massacre before a distinguished philanthropist, Hon. William Jay, of New York, published his "Views," and gave to the public the first intimation that such a people as the Exiles had existed.

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To My Friend, Grown Famous

By Eloise Briton

THE mail has come from home,
From home that still remembers—to Japan.
My tiny maid, as faultless as a fan,
Bows in the doorway. "Honorable letters,"
She says, "have kindly come."
And smiles, knowing the fetters
That bind me still.

And all my mail to-day is full of you.
"His name," says one, "is sounding still and sounding."

And someone else, "It is astounding,
I never knew the public chatter worse.
Eighteen editions for a book of verse!"
And all the printed pages glitter, too,
With you,
With your stark vision and cold fire,
Your singing truth, your vehement desire
To cut through lies to life.
These move behind the printed echoes here,
The paper strife,
The scurry of small pens about your name,
Measuring, praising, blaming by the same
Tight rule of thumb that makes their own
Inadequacy known.
And as I read a phrase leaps clear
From your own letter: "I am tired," you say,
"Of men who talk and talk and dare not live
But take their orgasms in speech!"
Yes, that would be your way
To take the critics. It is you who give,
Not they;
And safe beyond their reach
Huge, careless, Rabelaisian, you pass by
Watching their squirming with amused eye.

* * * * *

Here as I sit
My paper house-side slid away
And all my chamber open to the rain
I feel a haunting, exquisite
Grey shadow of a pain.
Beauty has part in it, and loneliness,
And the far call of home—and thoughts of you
In the rain of spring.
Here in this land of frozen loveliness,
Of artistry complete, where each small thing
Minutely, precious, is perfect,
I have grown hungry for the sight of you
Who are not perfect;
Who are big and free
And largely vulgar like the peasantry,
And full of sorrows for mankind.
I cannot find
Your spirit in this land. The little tree
Tortured and dwarfed—oh! beautiful I know
In the grey slanting rain,
But tortured even so—
The little pine tree in my garden close
Is symbol of the soul that grows
Within this patient cult of loveliness.
You would not understand
Would care far less
For the pale, silvered shadows of this land
That make it dear to me.
Yet when I see
Your clear handwriting march across the page,

And your brave spirit of a tonic age
Blow sharp across the spring
I smother here a little;
This conscious beauty is so light, so brittle,
So frail a thing!

But you are free! "Go out," your letter says,
"Go drink life to the lees.
See the round world! Watch where Lord Buddha
sits
Beneath the tree; and see where Jesus walked
And talked.
See where Aspasia and Pericles
Have visited together, and where Socrates
Leaned on the wall. . .
Go out, my friend, and see—
And then come back and tell it all to me!"

That, too, is like you, "Tell it all to me."
I feel your spirit searching hungrily
Each human being for the stuff of life,
The sharp blue flame below the smoke,
The authentic cry
That all our mouthing cannot choke.
Your hunger is for life, for life!
And you have understanding, and the power
To pierce the husk of words, to take an hour
Hot from the crisis of a soul
And live it in another, and so grow
Greater by each of us, who only know
A part—and you the whole.

O friend, my friend, it's good to feel you there,
A solvent for all small hypocrisies,
A white and steady flare
That beacons over such confusing seas
To bring me truth.
It's good to know that youth
And eyes and lips are only half the tie;
That, though all listening peoples claim you now,
Your spirit still
Holds some small emptiness that I
And only I can fill.

So take my homage, friend, with all the rest.
It will not hurt you—you are much too wise—
And ride the world, and battle at the crest,
As at the ebb, with lies.
Yet if you weary sometimes of the praise
And greatness palls a little in the dusk,
I shall be waiting as in other days.
Then you can strip your world-ways like a husk,
And friendship will make wide her wicket gate
On twilight gardens, sweet and intimate,
And we will talk of simple homely things,
Of flowers, of laughter, of the flash of wings. . .

♦♦♦♦♦

What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

AMONG the books that everyone should read now I would place "Europe Since 1815," by Charles Downer Hazen, of Columbia University (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) This volume at once admirably written and admirably condensed, is valuable now because it shows how the Powers that composed the Congress of Vienna in parceling out Europe after destroying Napoleon, instead of building for peace, wrought for the unsettlement of the world that has been in progress ever since. The time for another congress approaches. Again there will be a parceling or partitioning, a running of lines and in due course more sloppy talk like the then czar's proposals of a Christian, peaceful world. The Congress of Vienna was "nuts" for Metternich and it shaped things up for Bismarck. It was a preparation for 1870 and for 1914. Great Britain didn't much care about continental Europe's affairs. All she cared for was to be mistress of the seas and the traffic of the seas. The more trouble there was on the continent the less trouble there was for England, who went

ahead building up her empire. And there certainly was plenty of trouble in Europe—wars and revolutions, the Crimea, Sadowa, Sedan. After every peace more war began to stir, down to the Boer war and the Balkan war, Italy's Abyssinian failure and Tripolitan adventure. The century was not a peaceful one. Mr. Hazen tells his story swiftly and maintains proper proportions as between the events. What most struck me in the book is the sense one gets from it of the relentlessness of Prussian purpose, never deviated from, that culminated in the present war. Bismarck was undoubtedly the greatest statesman of the period. He played all Europe to his own ends and he designed wars as coolly as he would compose a tariff. The one man to compare with him was Cavour, but finally Bismarck outdid Cavour. It is pathetically ridiculous to read how both these men used Napoleon III for their own schemes. Prussia moved steadily to her objectives and fashioned an empire. William II dropped the pilot but he perfected the mechanism of the transcendental state and inspired the German people with a nationalistic ideal that is the greatest marvel since the days of Bonaparte. Mr. Hazen shows how Germany had but two fears—Russia and Great Britain—and he foresaw that the two fears were to become one. His book ends with a deductive prophecy of this war. The race of armaments could mean nothing else. The history deals with all the reform movements since 1815, down to the Lloyd George budget and the hobbling of the House of Lords, but as one reads the episodes of social history, one can never forget that back of them all was working the virus that works out supremely in this war. The expansionist movement in Germany clashes with British interests in the East, in South America, in Africa; the Italian movement into Northern Africa; the Balkan intrigues growing out of the Græco-Turkish war; Austria-Hungary's seizure of Bosnia; the incident at Agadir—these were but preliminaries of the storm that broke in August, 1914. And domestic movements in the countries of Europe were conditioned by this drift to war. Mr. Hazen tells his story impartially for the most part, but does not avoid the expression of opinion where necessary. He is a democrat and he sees the diplomatic maneuvers as things remotely related to the people. High politics have been played by the few, and the people got just about as much as would keep them quiet while the statesmen engaged in their plots and plans. And now the plots and plans have achieved their result and democracy is pretty well forgot. The people are fighting for the ends of the overlords, who pretend they are fighting for their people. It is impossible to resist the conclusion, after reading "Europe Since 1815," that the great war in its immediate results will throw back the democratic movement, unless the people take a hand in shaping affairs by revolution.



I have been favored by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher, with advance sheets of "Central Europe," which is the title given to Christabel M. Meredith's translation of "*Mittel Europa*," by Friedrich Naumann, member of the Reichstag. This is a remarkable book. It is a proposal of a definite programme for the Teutonic powers after the war. It has a meticulous German thoroughness and it is at the same time almost lyric, rhapsodic. It is based on a conviction of the inevitableness of Teutonic victory. From a process of reasoning it soars now and then to the realm of apocalyptic vision. Germany and Austria-Hungary have been welded together by war and they are to unite in the organization of a mighty empire. They are to be welded together in a hegemony such as Prussia formed out of fragmentary Germany. Herr Naumann has a curiously detailed consideration of the practical method for such accomplishment, but he relies first and last on the fact that the war has come as the creator of the Mid-European soul, now coming into existence in advance of the external forms appropriate to it. German idealism again in league with

German practicality. The ambassadors from Berlin, Vienna and Budapest must come out of the peace congress, soon to be held, declared and honest friends, not secret enemies. As far as Germany and Austria-Hungary are concerned, they must either entrench their frontiers on the ridges of the Erzgebirge, the Riesengebirge and the Böhmerwald or they must regard this line as, in essentials, only an inner administrative boundary in a territory looked upon by foreigners as one. . . . After the war frontier trenches will be made anywhere where there is any possibility of fighting. There will be a fresh system of Roman and Chinese walls made out of earth and barbed wire. In the trench-making era there will be no place for small states. They will have to come in behind the longer trench lines and presumably if they don't come they will be forced. There are difficulties in the way, of course, but Herr Naumann resolves them away. It is curious to note how he convinces himself that Austria-Hungary must see things as Germany sees them. He has many nice things to say of Austria-Hungary, but that country has nowhere else to go, and if she had she couldn't go it alone. Mid-Europe must stand united between Russia and the Western powers. Austria-Hungary will swing the Balkans into line and Germany will handle Turkey. Herr Naumann mildly disparages the Teutonic enthusiasm that would regard the government of Holland, Scandinavia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece and the Turkish Empire as parts of the Central European economic world-group. He does not absolutely refuse to consider the possibility of the inclusion of Switzerland, France, Spain, and "after a certain purifying interval, even Italy, and thus found the United States of Europe with or without Belgium." Indeed, any nation may come in but Great Britain. Herr Naumann considers the German colonies very charily, for he is not certain whether, to what extent and in what condition Germany will get them back. He does not say where the future Central European trench-made boundaries will run—on the inner or outer side of Rumania, on this or that side of Bessarabia; whether they will follow the Vistula or not; whether Bulgaria will be included in the sphere of interest; whether a line of railway to Constantinople can be secured in the hands of trusty allies; what Mediterranean seaports will be the starting point of Central European railways lines; what will become of Antwerp; how the Baltic sea will appear after the war. It is plain from this that Herr Naumann does not go in whole-heartedly for an empire stretching from Antwerp to the Persian Gulf. He is willing to leave something to the imagination. He is convinced though, that the future will be a struggle between Middle Europe and the forces that will gather around a more closely knit British Empire. As for the United States in Herr Naumann's scheme, they are making money from the war and will come out of it in an uncomfortably healthy condition as Central Europe's most powerful competitors. These are but high points in Herr Naumann's argument. He considers the problem of creeds and nationalities presented by his scheme, the complications that will arise because of tariffs and conflicting constitutions. He estimates assets and liabilities of all kinds. And he finds no difficulty insurmountable by the German soul and the German scientific method. He is certain that the Teutonic powers are going to win the war. The work has a fascinating fervor. The author's unconsciousness of his attitude as believing nothing impossible to the German will is not displeasing. In one place he says to some objection that the highest function of free will is to recognize necessity and submit to it. Since this book appeared in Germany, its substance has fairly captured the German mind. Naumann has given the war an objective. He has brought down to detail Nietzsche's idea of the United States of Europe. His scheme and programme are magnificent; but the war is not yet over. Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy and now, it seems, the United States, have something to say about the shaping of the future. But "Central Eu-

rope" is a book of vast sweep and there are thousands of thrills in its reading.



We shall hear much of David Graham Phillips' novel, "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise" (D. Appleton & Co., New York), before long. For it is a very frank novel. But it is not nasty in its frankness. Indeed, the work is of a powerful intensity. Long ago I read a book, "Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue," attributed to the Marquis de Sade, an horrific and vile volume. Since then I have never read of such misfortunes of virtue as befall *Susan Lenox*. She is an illegitimate daughter. She is innocent. A young cad makes love to her. She agrees to run away with him to Cincinnati. She is caught by her foster parents, forced to marry a coarse yokel, flees his embraces on her wedding night, meets a youth who helps her to a small river town, is left there, loses the money he gives her, joins a show boat company that "busts" when one of the actors absconds with the cash. With the show boat manager she goes to Cincinnati. He tries to place her on the stage. He falls ill and is taken to a hospital. She sells her body to a stranger on the street to get money to pay for the sick man's care, goes to the hospital with it, only to find he has died. And this beginning is followed by endless woes. She works in a paper box factory for a time but passes from there through many sorrows to peripatetic prostitution. Getting some money she looks up the reporter who had helped her when she fled her husband and they go to New York, he to write, she to act plays. He is a weakling and frazzles out. She becomes a cloak model and gives her body to a buyer to sell a big bill of goods for the house. Well, to shorten the tale, she finds herself later one of the cruisers for a white slaver; she drinks heavily, takes opium, is sent to the police court, is slugged by her cadet boss, descends to the lowest depths of street walking. She finds her young reporter a down-and-out, takes him to her room, sends him to hospital. Then she meets *Brent*, the great playwright, while she is trying to help the young man who's to write plays. This young man is still a cad. She has to leave him. *Brent* goes to Europe. She is "pinched" and is brought again into touch with her slaver grown rich. She goes to Paris with him, meets *Brent*, who proceeds to develop her genius and break the other man's hold on her. The slaver has the playwright killed in New York. *Brent* leaves her all his money and she is finally a great actress. All this is wrought out in a setting of continuous misery. The girl, starting at seventeen, is helpless in the grip of fate. She is confronted by horror after horror which are the commonplaces of poverty. The theme is constantly that there's no hope for the girl in the lower walks but prostitution. That is better than anything else she is called to endure. This girl is peculiar in that while passing through all this sordidness her inner self is untouched. She has one creed; she must be strong to be either good or bad successfully, and she is strong. She wins out. She is a Superwoman. That is about what Phillips has to say at the end. He has not the faintest suggestion for a remedy for the conditions through which *Susan Lenox* has to fight her way chiefly by yielding. The book is innocent of propaganda. But it is terrible in its realism. The underworld has never before been described with such frightful fidelity. All of it is put in the picture; even the unmentionable, the subter-bestial is strongly hinted. The woes of poverty are unsparingly dwelt upon. Life for those who cannot exploit others is one endless hell and the woman must sell her sex even barely to get by. There is no denying the power of Phillips. He observes keenly. He writes with a passionate conviction. He does convince you that *Susan Lenox's* real self escapes smirching—or that the smirching makes that self the greater. She is a firmly upstanding, outstanding personality and endures her agony with never a whimper or a whine. She submits to conquer, and she conquers. Frank as the book is, without much reticence, yet it is not offen-

sive. Phillips didn't dabble in filth like a man who likes it. And he never let his realism carry him into lubricity. The dirt he gives us is good, honest dirt for the most part. The girl's career is decidedly impressive—until near the culmination. There it goes to pieces as a work of art, even if it has art in some of the earlier parts. The story as a whole is too one-sided. The key is too little varied. There is no relief. But *Susan* is a living character, and so are *Burlingham*, the show boat manager, and *Roderick Spencer*, the weakling. The successful cadet is unconvincing. *Brent* is *papier mache*. And hard as life is for the poor girl there is more chance for her than Phillips' novel would indicate. But he does grip your heart often in the reading. He does stir your indignation. And never for a moment do you feel that he is catering to prurience in the writing. His book terrifically indicts our society in every one of its 400,000 words. The indictment had been better, though, if he had not so earnestly striven to get everything in and all of one tint and taint.

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One of the raciest books of the day is "Sir Edward Carson," by St. John G. Ervine (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York). There are not more than twenty lines about Carson in the book and not one of them is complimentary. But there is a great deal about Ireland from the point of view of a North of Ireland Irishman. A great deal of this matter about Ireland has to do with religious differences among the people. And those religious differences are not religious at all. They are played up by the politicians. Religious differences are meat for the politicians. Also the business interests use the religious differences to further their own ends. And the politicians North and South are so concerned with their own affairs that they have never made any effort to get the sections together to further the true interests of Ireland. Mr. Ervine has not any more admiration for John Redmond than he has for Sir Edward Carson. Mr. Ervine believes that the English are stupid with regard to Ireland, but not more stupid than the Irish leaders. He is a believer in the power of education and organization to solve the Irish difficulties but he cannot see it working out under political direction. He says much the same things about the situation that James Stephens says in his book about the Dublin insurrection and he says it with fine forcefulness. At that, my impression of the book is that it is too much a literary man's consideration of the subject. The problem of uniting Ireland is a practical one and the practical business man and the practical politician will handle it in their own way and for their own ends. There's a bit of the transcendental in Mr. Ervine's as there is in James Stephens' book. They find fault very easily. Their remedy is not specific. How the religious differences are to be reconciled; how the business interests of North and South are to be harmonized; how the politicians are to be converted to practical idealism—all these things are not made very clear. What "A. E." has done, and Sir Horace Plunkett, is good, but it has been largely nullified by politics. The Gaelic League's work has not worked

out into any practical benefit. The Celtic Renaissance brought no practical direction. And the British government took Carson into the cabinet after he had organized a revolt against Home Rule in order to pacify the Orangemen. Mr. Ervine thinks the one thing most necessary is that Ireland be given Home Rule, that the British government shall keep its pledge. The North will not revolt now. Sir Edward Carson cannot go over to the Kaiser as he threatened to do early in 1914. Irish loyalty can only be won by giving home rule, and Irish loyalists North and South can do more than any other power to get the Irish, Catholic and Protestant, together for agreement as to Ireland's future.

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Two other books I have read, having a bearing on Ireland. They are, "A Portrait of the Artist as Young Man" and "Dubliners," both by James Joyce (B. W. Huebsch, New York). I don't think many Catholic Irish will like these books. They are too realistic. They leave far in the shade such books offensive to the Irish as George Moore's "The Untilled Field" and "The Lake." The stage Irishman, the Irishman of Banim and Griffin and Carleton and Lever and Lover is not in these books. But the Irishman that James Joyce knows is the man of whom the writers I have mentioned have made a romantic travesty. "The Artist as Young Man" is the story of a youth on his way to manhood. It is innocent of reticences. It mentions things one never saw before in an Irish book. It shows phases of Irish character that are as incomprehensible almost as the characters in Russian novels. The reader finds religion and education mixed up with much sordidness and meanness. There is a broad smear of sex over the young man's career. But the sex is not romanticized in the least. It is nothing but what it is—a youth's possession by passion and a wallowing in it for a time. There is no glamour about it. The book has no story at all. It simply strolls along telling what happens in school and home and college and pub and slum. And the narrative shifts easily from sex to theology, with an undertow of drink. The theology, so far as I know, is Catholic orthodox all the time. The author is not anti-Catholic, but he says plain as day that faith does not save these people from anything. Joyce's naturalism, to my mind, is more naturalistic than Zola's. His boys' nastinesses are bluntly, brutally boyish. Some of his pictures of home life are very depressing. They never become revolting but they do reveal a sort of characterlessness in the people, a materialism which religion somehow never touches. I have never seen a religion so unspiritually presented. The author knows the theology but if there's any soul in it I cannot discover it. The book "Dubliners" is a series of sketches of Dublin life. They are not stories. They are not arrangements. They are observations related with a strange detachment. There is little hopefulness in them. In them one gets again the effects of the Russian writers. James Joyce does not want to prove anything that I can see. I saw this happen, he says. If you find a meaning in it—all right. If you don't—all right again. A

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young fellow goes out and works a servant girl for a sovereign. A drunken father goes home and starts to beat his child who tries to escape the whipping by promising to say a "Hail, Mary" for him. There is a long sketch of a shabby-genteel party that is always hovering between comicality and contemptibility. And always there is in the background that religion which has no meaning as exemplified in conduct. Always the author gives us the authentic theology of the religion, its form, its lingo, its doctrine of discipline, but never its soul. Yet these sketches in "Dubliners" reek with realism. Not only that: the people in them have something of the frowziness, the shabbiness, the dirtiness of Dublin. They could not be people of anywhere else in the world. They are people under a blight. The Irish in this country who egged the performers of "The Playboy of the World" and "The Tinker's Wedding" will be maddened by these works of Joyce. Joyce is of the very newest school. He scorns or seems to scorn selection. He is a post-impressionist in letters. He has no sentiment whatever. He writes more like the author of that post-impressionist French novel, "The Death of a Nobody," than like anyone else. And he inexpressibly shocks anyone who thinks of Ireland as the Ireland of Tom Moore or any of the writers about Ireland up to a dozen years ago. He gives us the framework of the life which James Stephens has dressed up with fantasy in such a book as "The Crock o' Gold." The first real Irish realist, he is likely to be the last.

Some time since I told under this heading the story of "Pelle, the Conqueror," so far as it had gone in the three volumes of the tetralogy in which it appears. The fourth volume, called "Daybreak," has been issued by Henry Holt & Co., New York. "Pelle" is a splendid novel up to the last quarter of the last volume. Martin Andersen Nexø is destined to live in Danish literature by this stupendous fiction. It is an epic of labor, the story of a real human being struggling from humblest, not to say sordid origins to a position in life. The terribleness of it is not to be denied, but there runs through it a strain of beauty. The life of the poor folk is never somehow quite hopeless. The characters at their lowest never evoke the reader's contempt. There is an amorality of living among these people but it is no more offensive than the life of the cow-yard. There's no other way these people could live, but out of the life, whether on the farm or in the slums of Copenhagen, there grows here and there loveliness. There is devotion to an ideal. There are loyalties and sacrifices of self. There is character which environment does not quite succeed in warping. The "naturalism" of the story does not overslaugh the incident or the character. It is quite incidental and never lingered on longer than a moment. The story is that of the rise of Pelle to leadership of a great strike, his wife's supposed unfaithfulness to him to feed the child, his arrest and confinement in prison for an innocent counterfeit. In "Daybreak," Pelle is discharged from prison and revisits the haunts of his former companions. He

finds the labor movement what it always was—passionate, suspicious, impatient, driving to no very definite end. It has no remedy for anything save the strike. After that, more strikes. It is eloquent of its woes but it has no programme. All of this is true of the labor movement everywhere. But Martin Andersen Nexø, for all that, spoils his novel by positing a remedy and elaborating it in his story. Propaganda spoils any story. In this one it makes a lame and impotent conclusion of a big, free study of life. The hero, Pelle, from being a man becomes to an extent the incarnation of a dogma or theory. His remedy for all the sorrows of labor under the sun is co-operation. The remedy can only be applied through the charitable impulse of a wealthy old librarian. It is applied, but so unconvincingly. And that is the way Pelle becomes "the conqueror." I don't think I have ever been so disappointed in the ending of a novel as in this. It is not, to my thinking, a happy ending, but the novel-devourers may deem it so. However, up to the time the propaganda gets into the story, for so long as Nexø is concerned with life and its phases of greed and lust and the struggle against circumstance, while he is showing us people whom he has known and studied lovingly, the life of "Pelle, the Conqueror" is one that is kin to the reader's own. There is not in the story a single improbability until we come to the narration of the working of the co-operative scheme with its home colony. There are twenty or thirty people in the book as vividly alive as your next-door neighbor, and the incidents which occur are always vital. "Pelle, the Conqueror," however, will survive its happy ending for its author is a creative genius if a poor economic philosopher.

Readers of the last generation remember with delight "The Green Carnation," in which Robert Hichens satirized the Wilde cult in an imitation of the style of brilliant paradox that was so perfect it could hardly be said to be a parody. The young people of to-day, I doubt not, will find in "The Buffoon," by Louis N. Wilkinson (Alfred A. Knopf, New York), the enjoyment we oldsters had of Hichens. "The Buffoon" is unmistakably a brilliant piece of work. It tells a story of which you never can be sure when it is burlesque and when it is in earnest, about a lot of London high-brows of to-day. There's a deal about sex in it, but it is dealt with in ironic fashion. The "new morality" comes in for many a side-swipe and you suspect that one of the adumbrated characters is drawn from the personality of an American and irascible poet in London who has started and smashed several schools of poetry. There's a crack even at a person who may possibly be meant for Chesterton. And there is a world of good talk even though you're not sure the author didn't write it with his tongue in his cheek. The "hero" is not very heroic and he is somewhat of a sybarite. There's a "greenery-gallery Grosvenor gallery" girl in it who might have stepped right out of "Patience." She is an American, too, though there's nothing American about her but the label, the author has put on her. About the only thing that is American-girlish

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about her is that she doesn't do what the people in the book expected her to do. The most interesting person in the book is the rather disreputable lecturer who does most of the smart talking in the book, and indeed, gives the whole story its best quality. The book is as real as the life it purports to depict. It is a satire, of course, and a most effective one. Those who know the little cliques of contemporary English writers and the chatter of the crowds that compose the rather shabby but pretentious salon of the Cafe Royal will recognize many people and things in the story and enjoy them hugely. A reader who is

not up on these persons and things will find the book dull in places and in other places unpleasant. But the man who wrote "The Buffoon" can, and will, write much better, much bigger books, even as did the young man who first burst upon the world with "The Green Carnation."

Some months ago I wrote enthusiastically of Lafcadio Hearn's book, "Interpretations of Literature." It is a book of most deft and delicate analysis and elucidation. It anatomizes poetry with a particularity never paralleled in my reading, and the anatomist is a poet,

an exquisite literary artist. Now comes another book in the same kind from the same writer. It is entitled, "Appreciations of Poetry" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York). This book is, like the other, made up of transcriptions of Japanese students' notes of Hearn's lectures on literature at the University of Tokyo. Hearn had to make these lectures very simple for his young Japanese hearers. He had to explain to them things so simple to us that they explain themselves. He had to take apart figures of speech that are of the most direct significance to us and make them clear to young people whose general ideas and processes of thinking are the width of the world removed from ours. This is a performance the exquisite fineness of which cannot be appreciated by anyone who has not observed it in these books of Hearn's. A more remarkable essay than the opening chapter of this book, "On Love in English Poetry," I do not know. We think we know what love is in English poetry, but Hearn is telling what we know to these Japanese youths. And in the telling he shows the reader of English many things about love in English poetry that we not only did not know but did not even suspect. He has to explain all about the kind of love we tolerate in poetry and the kind of love we don't mention in the presence of ladies. He has to tell them of the love that is wistful, the love that is strong, the love that mounts to religious ecstacy and he does it, with illustrations from poetry, in a most fascinating way. From this he proceeds to studies in Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, William Morris, Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Jean Ingelow, William Watson, Robert Buchanan and Arthur Munby's "Dorothy." The treatment of these poets every one is that of a master of exposition. He has his prejudices, his blind side to some things, as other men have, but he knows poetry when he sees or hears it and he is able to describe and explain its charm. He contradicts himself in his estimates of poets at one time and another, but that is to be expected in lectures, and these are but Japanese students' notes of lectures. I think that the editor, Mr. John Erskine, professor of English in Columbia University, is perfectly justified in saying that in substance if not in form these Hearn lectures "are criticism of the finest kind, unmatched in English unless we return to the best of Coleridge and in some ways unequalled by anything in Coleridge." Mr. Erskine says they are that because they tell what the poet says, not what he ought to have said or how he might have said it better. Hearn's sympathy has no boundaries; his appreciation is universal. A romanticist himself, he understands and has rapport with singers in any other vein. (And by the way, Mr. Erskine's introduction to this volume says many enlightening things about poetry and criticism, too.) These considerations of poets and their poetry are most lucid. Hearn has no technical jargon, no "Persian apparatus." He goes at and into a poem just as simply and directly as a mere lover of poetry does; not at all as a professor. And he quotes like one inspired and then makes those old familiar lines richer in meaning, brighter in beauty by his translation of the

thought for his pupils. I doubt if there is any better estimate of Matthew Arnold than Hearn's. He is alive to the merits and the defects, both splendid, of Swinburne. And he is perfectly captivating when he talks of Browning. I like much his valuation of Rossetti and William Morris. You can dip into these "Appreciations of Poetry" on any page, as you can into "Interpretations of Literature," and find a gem of original observation or quotation to brighten a whole day for you. Few people know about Munby's "Dorothy." I didn't until now. It is a poem the theme of which Maurice Hewlett has put into a poem quite recently—a poem of the soil, of agricultural folk. It is a poem that has particular appeal to a Single Taxer like myself, though Arthur Munby possibly did not "see the cat" in the matter of the depopulation of rural England. Mr. Mitchell McDonald, Pay Director, U. S. N., helped Mr. Erskine prepare this work for the press. Mr. McDonald was a friend of Hearn. And he is a friend, for in bringing these notes to light he has done such a service in preservation to future generations of the memory of the Græco-Hibernian genius as the enthusiastic admirers of Hearn's other work can never forget.

Students of spiritism and psychic phenomena will find much to gratify their interest in "Raymond, or Life and Death," by Sir Oliver Lodge (Geo. H. Doran Co., New York). Spiritists will find in it confirmation of their faith and even many unbelievers will find it stimulant of their hope. Sir Oliver Lodge is a noted scientist and a follower of scientific method in his investigations of the problem of life after death. He has come to believe in such life and in communication between the dead and the living. In this book he gives reasons for the faith that is in him. It is a book of pathos, for it deals with the communications between Sir Oliver and his son, a splendid young man who gave up his life for England somewhere in France. These communications are startling. The chief feature of them is the imparting to the dead boy's friends of descriptive details of a group photograph of Raymond and his officer friends—these details being given before a copy of the photograph from which the details could be verified had reached England. The story as presented seems to leave no loophole for the entrance into the case of the element of "advance information" to the mediums or any of the investigators from whose minds the facts could have been filched by telepathy. Surely if all the conditions of the inquiry are as here stated, the dead can talk to the living. Needless to say, there are those who have doubts as to the establishment of the impossibility of the facts communicated by Raymond having been known through ordinary channels of the conveyance of information. A careful reader of the book will probably be more inclined to give credence to the incident of the pre-described photograph than to some other revelations as to conditions of being on the other side of the grave. Some of those conditions as related wear the aspect of absurdity. The spirit of Raymond seems concerned with trivialities

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hardly worthy of the importance of the occasion, at least to those who are here. It is to be remembered here that trivialities are very often the surest means of identification of personality and above all, it must be borne in mind that the trivialities are accepted by Sir Oliver as being characteristic of the beloved youth gone before. In many of the communications the mediums speak in a peculiarly delphic manner; their words may be variously interpreted. But after all, the main power of the book is the cumulative effect of all the phenomena in bringing to Sir Oliver Lodge the conviction that his dear son and no other person sends information from the hollow land. To this scientist all the arguments of skepticism are nullified—thought-transference or telepathy, mere coincidence, unconscious knowledge by the inquirers of facts related are ruled out by rigorous methods of exclusion. What is most convincing to Sir Oliver Lodge is the individual flavor of his son's personality which he gathers from the messages. The mass of material in the book is quite impressive, though into much of it the distinguished author appears to read meanings not always there to the mind of a cursory reader. Indeed, sometimes the fond, bereaved father finds meanings where to another there are none, though that is not evidence of his self-deception, since people on this plane can convey to one another in ordinary speech things hidden from those who hear them speaking. However one may view the book as a proof of commerce between the dead and the living—and I confess that I am a skeptic—there can be no doubt that Raymond Lodge was a most lovable, brave and loving young man. "Raymond" is the most important book frankly spiritistic that the world has had since the last communications from the late W. T. Stead, and it is more coherent and consistent in its quality than those. I say

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tions of evidences of immortality but are distinctively and exclusively literary. "Raymond" is a book of unfailingly acute interest to any reader, be he yes-sayer or no-sayer to the ancient query, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

❖
Max Eastman is "some" personality in American letters, if you'll pardon the colloquialism. He is editor of *The Masses*—the strongest, most literary and artistic Socialistic publication in the world. He wrote the best book yet written in America on its subject—"The Enjoyment of Poetry." He has written good poetry. His book, "Understanding Germany," is a piece of brilliant psychology reviewed elsewhere in this issue. He was formerly a professor of philosophy in Columbia University. And now he has written a splendid booklet, "Journalism vs. Art" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York). This book was needed. For the relations between journalism and art are almost severed. Mr. Eastman writes with pungency and punch, but he is not posing as clever. Journalistic art, he avers and proves, is too much out for the money. It has become a mere "property" of publication. It is conventional beyond hope. It is a succession of pictures of pictures of pictures of people and things. It is used incidentally to business, and it is presented with the purpose of pleasing everybody a little and displeasing no one. Particularly it must not displease the advertiser. The artist can draw skillfully anything but a human perception. He rarely draws from experience

of things, mostly from knowledge about things. Artists do not aim beyond securing the beholder's recognition of obviousities. Mr. Eastman loathes the "slickness" of our periodical art. It is neatly conventionalized pattern. And so we have endlessly repeated conventional girls, children, old men, presented in moods conventionally indicated. Our art does not get away from an appeal to average folks. It is seldom stirred by deep feeling. It seldom strikes the deep notes of life or soars on the wings of exaltation. So it becomes monotonous—Gibson girls, Fisher girls, Christy girls, etc. The pictures in the magazines are all alike. A certain "touch" has "caught on." Forthwith all the artists are imitating it. About the only variety in our pictures in periodicals is provided by cutting them up so as to run reading matter into little bays and up little creeks in the picture map. And good pictures are spoiled by indiscriminate reduction of scale. Of course Mr. Eastman has his reservations, but his sweeping statements are substantially true. He is not a clamorer for cubism or post-impressionism. He condemns carelessness of technique and the imitation of foreign monstrosities. He wants artists to be free to draw and paint anything. He does not want them bound in servitude to the "nice" and the "pretty-pretty" and the prudish morality that would conserve the purity of the "young person" by assuming that he or she is a congenital idiot. He does not shriek "art for art's sake." He wants art for life's sake. And he condemns art that

is debauched by business to the glorification of an unnatural woodenness of men and things. He illustrates his essay with pictures by Art Young, Maurice Becker, George Bellows, Robert Minor, John Sloan—Americans who have resisted petrification and the bribery of the business office. Some reproductions of the work of Arthur B. Davis show the freedom of beauty from convention. He does not deal with the cartoonists as he might. They are freer than the illustrators—and better artists. Cesare, for example, on the New York *Evening Post*, or Fitzpatrick on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Eastman follows up his disquisition on magazine art with a sanely strong indictment of magazine writing. It is writing for the market. There is no healthy standard of amateurism. A writer who makes a success writing in the free spirit is thereby ruined. He is seduced into doing the same thing over and to order. All of which is only too true. Mr. Eastman writes of free verse under the title, "Lazy Verse," and he strikes center; for that's what most free verse is—lazy verse. There are acres and tons of free verse nowadays, but free verse is not necessarily poetry. And Mr. Eastman tells us why so much free verse is fake poetry. It is because the writers "confuse the expression of intense feeling with the intense expression of feeling"—for it is the expression of the feeling that is art; not the feeling itself. The free verse that is good is good in spite of, not because of, its being free verse, and when it is

good it makes its own form. A final chapter in this felicitous volume has to do with simplified spelling and here Mr. Eastman is emphatically a renegade to his well-nigh universal radicalism. He is against it because, first, he is versed in the history of words, and, second, because he is an artist in words. This little book is deserving of a place on the same shelf with Mosher's edition of Whistler's "Ten O'Clock," with Don C. Seitz's introduction, Swinburne's distorted review of the lecture and Whistler's notes on the review.

❖❖❖

Some Recent Fiction

In a manner difficult to describe, Marah Ellis Ryan has imparted the atmosphere of ancient Ireland to the six legends related in "The Druid Path" (published by A. C. McClurg, Chicago). The language is simple, although somewhat archaic in construction. There is very little of actual description, yet the rugged beauty of the island is at once apparent and real, and the characters have the qualities of naturalness and directness which such an environment would supposedly produce. They love, and no sacrifice is too great; they hate, and they revenge themselves fiercely. But they take no step without counting its spiritual significance and cost. Indeed, the spiritual life seems more to them than the physical, yet their religion is a nebulous mixture of paganism and Christianity—prayers, and enchantments—a sort of holding on to

There is a story in **GRAPHICS** by Harris Merton Lyon that is better than his "The Weaver Who Clad the Summer"—which was adjudged by the *Boston Transcript* one of the five best stories of 1915.

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the old while taking on the new. The first story is almost too mystical for my comprehension, but I don't know where I've read one that gave me more enjoyment than "The Enchanting of Doirenn," the second. The outer dress of the book is in keeping with its subject: the excellent paper stock—so seldom used nowadays, the color scheme, the music score introducing each legend, the chapter drawings and the end decorations combine to make an unusually attractive volume.

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"Hatchways," a novel by Ethel Sidgwick (Small, Maynard & Co.), is a book of characterizations, rather than of plot and climaxes. There is neither hero or heroine, although in *Ernestine Redgate*, Miss Sidgwick has drawn a most attractive woman, and one who is such without a resort to sex-emphasis for attraction. Hatchways is a country place, and we meet there such refined and cultivated people as might be expected in an English country house. As a piece of literature, the work shows all the delicacy and restraint so characteristic of the British upper classes. It may best be described by the word "polite." Miss Sidgwick is evidently an English "blue-stocking," nor could she well be else with her derivatives and environment. Her father, Arthur Sidgwick, was the reader in Greek to the University of Oxford and it was at that celebrated university that she herself received an education. She has been a teacher herself, and all her life has been spent in an atmosphere of rarified British culture. Her book shows this scholarship, but it is not oppressively evident. It is a picture of one phase of English life, and one is bound to conclude that the work is well done.

❖

We meet some strange but likable characters in John Trevena's book, "A Drake, by George!" published by Alfred A. Knopf. The leading character in the beginning is *Captain Drake*, a retired sea-commander, who with his numerous cats, parrots and monkeys and his collection of curiosities gathered on his numerous voyages, settles in a quiet Devonshire village, of which he at once takes charge. He is big, pompous, with a voice like a bull and an imagination that simply sweeps all facts aside. One of his theories is that he is a descendant of Sir Francis Drake,

and he proceeds to write an entirely imaginary history of the village, in which he incorporates Sir Francis and himself. The other characters of the story are his nephew, *George*, who has a settled aversion to work; the Captain's wife and her innocent old sister, *Bessie* and *Kezia*, the two servants, and *Nellie*. After the Captain dies, the story mostly concerns itself with the tangle caused by the many wills made from time to time by the two old ladies. The author uses these eccentric characters to gibe at many things in British life, from history to politics and the piffling nature of some kinds of modern journalism. The book is full of keen satire, wit and humor. The reader will enjoy it.

❖

Anton Chekov has been called the Maupassant of Russian literature, and there is similarity in these two masters of the short story; but the cynicism in the work of the Frenchman is that of the author, while in Chekov's stories it is the cynicism of life itself. It is not he who weaves life's ironic pattern. He is but the artist who paints. What though the colors be mostly greys and drabs? They are necessary to depict life as he sees it. One is made to feel the inevitableness of life as it is. We are not to shut our eyes to the ugliness of the picture or flinch from its brutality. And herein there is a likeness between Chekov and that other great modern Russian, Gorky. This is the impression made by a perusal of a late volume of Chekov issued by the Macmillan Company, under the title of "The Darling and Other Stories," translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. This is a collection of ten stories, at the beginning of which is "The Darling." "The Darling" is a woman of the bourgeois class who first marries a manager of a small theater, and immediately becomes a mere echo of this man. Her second husband is a timber merchant and she as readily becomes a mere part of his life. When he dies, she falls in love with a veterinarian and at once becomes his other self. This veterinarian is separated from his wife. Then he goes away to become reconciled with his wife, and "The Darling" sits disconsolate and alone—an aging woman without an interest, an opinion or a vocation in life. After ten years the veterinarian returns and brings his wife and ten-year-old boy. All the love of

"The Darling" goes out to the boy, and the author leaves her fearing that the parents will return and take the child from her. Chekov has given us a woman without either will, soul or mind—only a heart. She is the "clinging vine" type, which, without a stem to twine about, fades and perishes. Tolstoy, in a fine criticism of this story, which is printed in the book, takes the view that while the modern suffragist would look with scorn on this type of woman, Chekov in "The Darling" pays the highest tribute to womankind. He does not think the author intended to do this. Tolstoy thinks he intended to condemn "The Darling's" lack of individuality, but as he left her a heart she still retained her nobility. Like Balaam, he intended to curse, but blessed instead, and Tolstoy thinks that the story is the finer because the effect was unintentional. All the other stories are good.

❖

Some of us who live in ruder parts of the earth have been wont to regard the English upper classes as over-cultured. At any rate, they had developed a spell of conservatism that generally has been proof against all attempts of the outsider to get through it. Emotionalism of any kind was forbidden. Feeling was "bad form." It may be possible that the great war will have a deep effect in breaking down this artificial condition, which might in time have accomplished the effect it posed, which is to say, the complete suppression of the emotions. The modern English novel is very much like the English people. It generally undertakes to penetrate the insular reserves of the characters of the book, but it very seldom succeeds completely. This takes some four hundred pages, and even then one feels that one has been given, despite the great labor, only a peep at the emotional life that lies beneath. This is the impression Mary Agnes Hamilton's "Dead Yesterday" (Doran & Co., New York), leaves upon one. The story is an analysis of the effect the coming of the great war had on a group, or social set, of London that is mostly composed of intellectuals—dilettanti, artists, journalists, professors, members of Parliament, suffragettes, etc. Being mostly intellectuals, some of them revolt against the unrestraint and frank barbarism of war, but nearly all of them are finally caught in what may be termed the great emotional outbreak which disrupts all England and leads the people to show their feelings in a way that to English reticence seems little less than indecent exposure. There are two love episodes that smoulder flamelessly throughout the book and at the end quietly go out; and this the two men and two women, being guided by reason rather than feeling, decide is satisfactory to everybody concerned. There are no thrills in the four hundred pages; sensationalism and melodrama are carefully avoided, as becomes a depiction of English life and manners, even though one could believe that the emotional condition developed by the war might justify a little something of that kind. "Dead Yesterday" may be accepted more as a criticism of life than a novel along the accepted lines. The book is remarkably well written. The

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style has a forcefulness that is masculine rather than feminine.

A first novel that will surely arouse demand for others is Francis R. Bellamy's "The Balance" (Doubleday-Page, New York), with its tangible atmosphere of reality and its dictum that experience of life brings charity for all. Though quite long, it is not long enough to satiate the reader's enjoyment. The mainspring of its certain success is its humor—its detached, indulgent, mocking, kindly, unobtrusive, pervasive humor—which never permits you to be deceived as to the follies and poses of *S. Sidney Tappan* (otherwise *Sammy* or *Tappy*), yet makes the aforesaid follies and poses likable in him. *Sammy's* friends didn't realize he was posing; this delightful fact is evident only to you and in the end to him. The sole and impoverished survivor of an old family, he inherited ten thousand little dollars together with the habits and instincts of a gentleman of leisure and a gentleman's large need for a fortune. Hence the unconscious posing; it was but endeavor to materialize ideals. Not less likable than *Sammy* are the women of the story, *Ruby*, *Sylvia* and *Carrie*: one the leading lady of a musical comedy, the other a popular actress famed for her interpretation of meretricious plays, and the third—*Sammy's* only love—the daughter of a small-town rich man who preferred social work to luxury. But *Carrie* is the wonderful one; she operates at long range, yet it is her influence that molds *Sammy's* character and his work. Indeed, it is a most natural and matter-of-fact world which Bellamy has created between the covers of his book and everyone will like it because of its verisimilitude to his own.

Keble Howard has written "The Gay Life" (The John Lane Company) to illustrate the point that Stageland is not what it is generally represented to be in fiction. In a preface, referring to this misconception, he says: "It is the belief that Stageland is an unspeakably awful place wherein wondrously beautiful but ill-paid girls are forever being hounded to their doom by fleshy, callous men, generally of the Hebrew race. . . . Stageland is far wider, far cleaner, far healthier than such writers would have us believe." In illustration of this he gives us the story of *Jilly Nipchin*, whose family belongs to the poverty-stricken million or two souls who call London home. She is an aggressive little thing and pushes her way to the stage, not because she has any illusions about it or is stage-struck, even at her tender age, but for the utilitarian reason that she sees in the stage a way to earn the money with which to help support herself and family. After many hardships, all of which she meets as the expected things, she finally develops into a fairly successful comedienne and marries the "equiliberist." The story is of the humbler ranks of the profession and of the life that they encounter in the English provinces, as well as in the lower class London theaters and halls. It reveals this class of players as folk very human, very much like other people in most things. The character of the little actress, endowed with

the sharpened wits an education in the school of poverty gives, her enterprise, aggressiveness and unflinching good nature under the most adverse circumstances, are drawn with rare skill.

"The Sins of the Children," by Cosmo Hamilton (Little, Brown & Co.) is intended to illustrate the danger of parental neglect of children. *Dr. Guthrie* is a noted and wealthy New York bacteriologist, who is so busy in his labora-

tory that he has little time for his two boys and two girls. He loves his children, but is a shy man who lacks the skill to become his children's confidant and they are almost strangers to him. They are fine boys and girls but from lack of proper guidance all in different ways come near slipping over the brink of ruin, but each is saved by fortuitous circumstances. The story is complicated by a young English parasite, the member of a noble house, who

fixes himself upon the family and not only bleeds it, but assists at least three of the children along the ways of evil. There are a number of decidedly improbable incidents in the book, but the story is a good one. It is a plea for greater frankness between parents and children as to sex and other facts of life.

A wonderfully gripping and pathetic little story is "Belle Jones," by Allan

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Meacham, published by Dutton & Co., New York. The little book contains less than thirty thousand words, but it is a gem. *Belle Jones* is not an illustration of Tapley optimism in adverse circumstances, but of exalted serenity, goodness and patience. No one had less cause to be thankful for life than she. Born in a miserable shack, not good enough for a stable, at the end of a gully in the negro quarter of the town, she lives there all the fifty years of her life. This shack is inhabited by a father, who is a drunkard and entirely worthless; a mother who supports the family by taking in washing, an epileptic sister, and *Belle*. *Belle* was cruelly ugly in face and figure and her ugliness was increased by the cast-off clothes she was forced to wear all her life. Her mother died when she was about thirteen, but shortly before that she listened to a sermon by a young minister, from the text: "For we are his poems." The preacher, in illustration of this text of his own translation from the Greek, said: "We are not the composer, but the composition; not the creator, but the poem created. And to be great, an individual, like an immortal poem, must have inspiration, apprehension, revelation; must be rhythmical, musical and delightful." The words sank deep into the young girl's heart. She resolved to make her life an Immortal Poem. The day after her mother's death she got a job at sewing for a dressmaker at fifty cents a day and took up the burden of the support of her worthless father and invalid sister. After years, her wages were raised to seventy-five cents a day and in this treadmill she spent her life. She and her family had always been despised

by the town, but gradually the town came to see that there was something remarkable in this young woman who was always so unobtrusive, who never complained or even spoke of her hard lot in life, who was always serene and patient. A look of peace and exaltation came into her gray-green eyes. The son of the wealthy grocer, who as a boy had glibed at her unloveliness, saw her worth, and this led to the only promise of a happiness different from her secret joy because she knew she was striving to be an Immortal Poem, that ever came into her life. But this offer of marriage she refused because of her duty to her worthless father, who was the only other member of her family then alive. She is a beautiful example of how happiness can be extracted from the hardest and most miserable conditions of life. Life gave her nothing of the things other people consider of worth, but nevertheless she found a way to achieve happiness by becoming an Immortal Poem. The little story is a notable contribution to the fiction of optimism.

Rather light fiction is Henry Kitchell Webster's "The Thoroughbred," published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. The "Thoroughbred" is a young wife, married to a very successful architect—a wife who has always supposed that people have incomes sufficient, as a matter of course. The smash comes, and the crushed husband, being conscientious, when he breaks the bad news to the wife, agrees to release her from her marriage vows, now that he is shown to be a failure. The young wife really loves the man, but more because she is stirred by the insult of the revelation that the husband thinks that his income was the moving influence in her acceptance of him, starts out to rebuke him by showing him that poverty has no terrors for her. It does have at first, as it must have for all who are not used to it, but the wife bravely rents a twelve dollar a month flat and they begin their new life. She finds after a time a zest in the new way of living that she had not suspected. The story deals with the difficulty as well as the pleasure she finds in her attempts to make both ends meet, and of the way in which the husband recovers his fortune through her help. The story is scarcely up to Webster's usual measure, but it will satisfy people who read the *Saturday Evening Post*, and who want nothing but stories of modern American city life.

The district attorney thinks his wife loves him. The wife thinks the husband loves her. The truth is that neither loves the other as husband and wife should. The district attorney is beloved by *Julia Deering*, a novelist, although not a word of love has ever passed between the two. The wife some years before the opening of the story has had an affair with a cashier in the bank of the retired banker, who hopelessly loves *Julia* and is the friend of all the parties concerned. The wife has renounced the man she then loved and sent him away. He returns and *Julia* urges that the wife see him. The latter, suspecting her motives, questions her and *Julia* confesses that she loves

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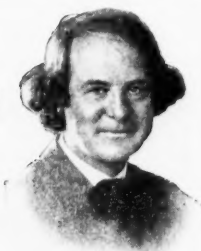
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from him in loathing, and the retired banker, who made good his shortage, forces him to leave the country forever. The district attorney, who has become involved financially, wants to run for governor, and his financial condition is used by Big Business to force him to sell out in a certain case he is prosecuting. His wife finds this out and begs him to save his honor, but he refuses. Then as her last card, she tells him about "the other man," and the way she sacrificed him in behalf of her husband's career. The husband turns upon her and in an intense scene, excoriates her for her own dishonesty, ending by telling her that she has no advantage of him, as he has been equally unfaithful in loving *Julia*. They both concede that a separation is inevitable, and the wife sets herself to bring her husband and *Julia* together. *Julia* is willing at first, but finally refuses. The last scene occurs amidst the furniture of the dismantled home, where the wife and husband meet, and after a discussion, conclude that while marriage is not the picture that passion paints, the strands of habit are difficult to break, and that the best thing they can do is to go on as before. All this is the sketchy plot of a play, "The Road Together," written by George Middleton, the author of many successful plays. It illustrates one phase of married life, but it is not a pleasant play. As long as the American public demands successful love as its theme—a love which accurately to fill the bill must end at the marriage altar, it is hard to see how it will accept a play of this kind, although the playwright's work is most skillfully done. (Holt & Co., New York.)

Irony intended to conceal affection, mingled with wit and humor, are the characteristics of that most entertaining book by Belle K. Maniates, "Our Next Door Neighbors," published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The author is known to the book world through "Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley." She undoubtedly possesses qualities not common to her sex, which is to say, humor and wit; therefore while the book is masculine in this respect, there is a deftness about it that is entirely feminine. "Our Next Door Neighbors" are a preoccupied and absent-minded scientist and his wife, with their five boys, living next door

to a childless young couple, who when they were married were promised by a crusty old uncle five thousand dollars for each child as it was born. The mother of the five boys is so engrossed in writing about antiquities that at all times she is oblivious of her children. One day the parents, in pursuit of their fads, suddenly go away and the family of five boys coolly unloads itself on the young lawyer and his wife next door. These make apparently furious protest, but it does no good. The boys, ranging from twelve years downward, named by their scholarly parents, *Ptolemy*, *Demetrius*, *Diogenes*, *Emerald* and *Pythagoras*, as the young lawyer describes them are of a kind "to make the French Revolution look like a Sunday school picnic." Then the parents, without even coming back home, go off to Chili on some scientific pursuit, leaving the five *Polydore* boys on the hands of the young lawyer and his wife; the father of the boys, in a lucid interval, having given the oldest boy a signed check, but not filled out, to pass to the lawyer. There is much discussion as to the best way to unload the entire harumscarum lot, but as can be easily seen, this purpose is restrained by an undercurrent of genuine affection for the troublesome and neglected brood. So the couple takes charge of the five and starts them, all but the baby, to school. An interesting little love story is introduced into the tangle through the visit of the husband's sister and his college chum to the no longer childless couple. The book has much the flavor of the noted "Helen's Babies." If you wish to be entertained, get "Our Next Door Neighbors."

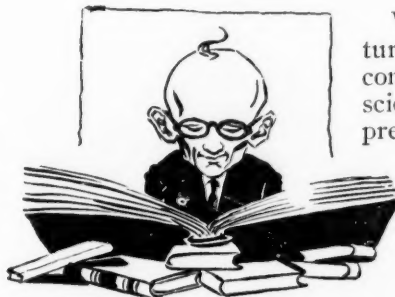
"The story of a wonderful horse," is the sub-title of Zane Gray's latest, entitled "Wildfire," published by Harper Brothers, New York. It may be said that it is the story of numerous horses, for the scene is laid on a horse ranch on the border of the Arizona desert. It is in Gray's usual style, fuller of melodramatic thrills than a Wild West moving picture. Between the moving picture scenario artists, with their troops of make-believe cowboys, and authors like Gray, we are getting decidedly "fed up" on the Wild West. The story could with advantage be trimmed to half the space it occupies.

Alabama is a place not affected by novelists as a scene of action, but it has been chosen by Mathilde Bilbro as the locale of her story, "The Middle Pasture," published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Not that this story is an attempt to present the distinctive characteristics of the people of those parts. It is a plain story of everyday country life. Indeed, it is a picture of the simple life, told with great sprightliness, but very undecoratively. There are no problems or tatter-tearing passions, but there is much of love interest, for the teller of the story, a young girl, takes a palpitating concern in the love affairs of all the young folk of the nearby village. The picture is painted in modest colors but is well done, nevertheless.

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conventions of life is "The Unwelcome Man," by Waldo Frank, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The author shows how the spiritual side of the normal man is stifled by the taboos and inhibitions of our civilized society, until what promises to have been genius is extinguished, as in the case of *Quincy Burt*, with the development of whose life the story chiefly concerns itself. Only from the man whose qualities are too strong to allow him to submit to the inhibitions of modern life can genius be expected to develop. That various taboos play an important part in our modern laws and ethics, is illustrated in this story. The author gives us a striking study in his portrayal of *Quincy Burt*, the fifth son and the eighth child, and unwelcome to his parents, possessing vivid imagination and a sensitive nature, unhappy both at home and college because his peculiarities estrange him from his fellows and he is misunderstood. The story is not light fiction. Indeed, it may be considered more of a study than a regular story and contains many things that will fix the attention of the thoughtful person.

One of the most skillful and agreeable writers of fiction is surely William J. Locke, as his latest novel, "The Wonderful Year," sufficiently testifies. Those who have read his "Jaffery" and "The Beloved Vagabond," and have been charmed, will find no less pleasure in his latest. The hero is a young Englishman, at the time the story opens the teacher of French in an obscure boarding school, and the "Wonderful Year" is his year of wandering in France. A glimpse is also given of Egypt and the great war. Nearly all Locke's chief characters are quaint and the hero of this one is no exception. There is a whimsical quality also in Locke's treatment of his themes that is not the least of his entertaining qualities. Lovers of the romantic love story will find entertainment in "The Wonderful Year." (John Lane Company, New York.)

An English school for girls is the foundation for the plot of Clemence Dane's novel, "Regiment of Women." Not a very promising subject, seemingly, but the work is done skillfully and artistically. The theme is built around a series of incidents in the school, not omitting the influence of an American pupil on those insular English girls; but the chief element is a contrast and a clash of wills between two teachers, *Clare Hartill* and *Alwynne Durand*. The latter is of a cheerful, generous, optimistic temperament, while *Clare* is unscrupulous, selfish and clever. The effect of these two opposing characters on the school is shown. Nor is this Eden Adamless. The hero appears and after great uncertainty and many difficulties, marries *Alwynne*, although the story at the end merges very close to a tragedy. It is written in the smooth, passionless, artistic way characteristic of the English novel of the present school. It is most distinctly good work. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

With the consummate art that is hers, Frances Hodgson Burnett, in her "White People" enters a strong plea for man to

free themselves from "The Fear." It is a challenge to the dreaded darkness and mystery of Death. One of the White People comes to play with a lonely little girl who lives in a Scotch castle. After that she sees many of them and they are just like ordinary people, save that they are very white, and on the face of each shines a look of ineffable happiness. It is later in life that she comes to know that only she could see the White People and with that knowledge she begins to understand their desire to comfort and "their look of having achieved a vision that they wish to share with the living." As one reviewer says: "Again we hear the child's cry of exultation as we heard it in 'The Blue Bird—' 'There are no dead!'" One of the charms of the story is its great naturalness. There is nothing strained or artificial. Its theme is, of course, mystical, but there is nothing gruesome. The child, through the White People, convinces herself that there is nothing to fear, for she believes that there is no

death. The story is exquisite and is recommended to lovers of true art. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Examples of what is called the photographic process in writing as made familiar to us by such writers as Galsworthy, are what we have in D. H. Lawrence's new book of short stories, "The Prussian Officer." The stories do not deal altogether with the Great War, as one might be led to think from the title, taken from the first story. Four of the stories deal with life in English collieries and are not entirely successful in their appeal to a wide circle of readers, for there are so many facts related to the pictures shown, about which the foreign public can know little. Sometimes

the writer introduces, with marked effect, a poetic strain into the stories, as in "A Fragment of Stained Glass." The intent of the writer is doubtless to show the greatest fidelity to life, but this sometimes blurs the picture with trivialities rather than heightens its effect. D. H. Lawrence, by the way, is of the Imagist school of poetry. In "The Prussian Officer," the leading motive is hate, and the story is intended to show the bullying tactics of the Prussian when clothed with military authority. (B. W. Huebsch, New York.)

Richard Martin has written a horror story almost as good as some of the stories of that master of literary black art, Edgar Allan Poe. It is called "The

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Beetle," and is published by Putnam & Sons, New York. "The Beetle," although a London story of modern life, is invested with all the Oriental mysticism of the time of Haroun al Raschid. The interest is well sustained and the reader is kept guessing to the end as to whether "The Beetle" represents Eastern black magic, some form of Oriental devil worship or just a strange form of hypnotism. Tales are told of this monster by a clerk, a chemist, a detective and the heroine, and each has a different story of horror. They do not know whether the thing is a god, a beetle or a man, and neither does the reader until the end. One looking for thrills of a creepy kind should read "The Beetle." Marsh can't make the characters he introduces stand up and walk, but he is surely a master in dealing with mysteries, and he can tell of these mysteries in a fascinating fashion.

❖

The perfect office boy! with the ready wit of the street gamin and the wisdom of the sage. With the ability to read character more facilely than print and the happy knack of always doing the right thing. Readers of American Sunday magazine fiction have long been familiar with him. In "Wilt Thou, Torchy," Sewell Ford's latest book (published by Edward J. Clode, New York) he is the same omniscient omnipotent rascal grown to the estate of private secretary. His loyalty and his usefulness to his employers are still unbounded; he meets all emergencies with a verve and dash which makes life in his vicinity a carefree pastime. He discharges refractory cooks, gives good advice to the disconsolate, locates hidden treasure, and stage-manages his own elopement in the home of the bride. Incidentally, before doing this last, he supplies himself with a comfortable fortune. Torchy's effervescence and slang afford many laughs, but could he be found in the flesh the millennium would be at hand.

A Few War Books

It might be called either judicial fair-mindedness or cold-bloodedness, but the suggestion is offered that among the English are found about the only public men who can discuss this war and its influences with some degree of calmness and even at times tolerable fairness. The public men of all the other belligerent nations think nothing worth saying that does not express their hatred of their enemies. But some Englishmen there are who have abated passion sufficiently to study the war in its various reactions and to discuss its possible future effects. One of these is H. G. Wells, who in his book, "Italy, France and Britain at War," gives us the results of his observations along the long western front. He leaves to others the description of the life he saw there, and views it in the larger scope of the influences such conditions will have on life and civilization. For one thing, he thinks that the war has given to the world a profound religious sense it did not have before. This feeling is in no sense dogmatic and not necessarily even Christian, and this means that if through the realization of God men are brought to a new attitude, it can bode little good

to the present dogmatic conceptions of religion, although Mr. Wells does not put it exactly that way. One of the characteristics of the book is its intense democracy. Mr. Wells, being English, does not entirely sense the absolute uselessness of kings in a civilized world, although he does note the fact that in all this infernal slaughter not a king has been touched. And he decides that when "the fatuous portraits of the monarchs are thrown on the screen, the widows and orphans will break into loyal song." At the end he expresses the view "that the Kingdom of God, over a world-wide system of republican states, is the only possible formula under which we may hope to unify and save mankind." (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

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The effect of war is to obliterate its causes from the minds of men, and this influence is already evident in this world war. The more dramatic events of the contest itself have a tendency to obscure the more important and widespread influences which precipitate conflict. The present war was preceded by the much longer, though less dramatic conflict, between Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism and in this conflict, in the

jealousy, greed and hatred of the German for the Slav and the Slav for the German, may undoubtedly be found the real causes of the present war. To Constantinople, not to Belgium, we should look for those causes. These observations are induced by the publication in book form, by Doubleday, Page & Co., of "The War of Democracy; the Allies' Statement." This book is a collection of some eighteen articles, interviews, speeches and documents by noted men, intended to present the Allies' side of the case as to the causes that led to the war. The principal contributors are Viscount Bryce, who has three articles; Sir Edward Grey, Arthur J. Balfour and Mr. Asquith. Most of the articles have appeared in print before, but their issue in book form will be of value to history.

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The declaration of peace, as every thoughtful person believes, will produce an economic shock throughout the neutral world no less in effect than was caused by the declaration of war. A great readjustment will have to take place, such as occurred at the beginning of the war. The view of some is that this economic readjustment may be continuously disastrous to this country, al-

though it is difficult to see how war-stricken Europe will be able to recover the economic lead soon after the war, if it ever does. Subjects such as these are treated by Isaac F. Marcosson in a book published by John Lane & Co., "The War After the War." The book is a plea for economic preparedness in this country, to meet conditions that the writer thinks will follow the war. As it will take the people of Europe a full generation to repair the damages of war, it is hard to see the economic danger the author sees, but nevertheless, the country should be prepared for whatever eventuates. Mr. Marcosson has recently visited Europe and thinks that one effect of the war will be the teaching of industry and saving to the younger generation. Indeed, it will have its effect on the older generation. They will have learned both from having to practice them now. "Work hard, spend little and save much," he tells us is the economic motto at this time of all the warring nations, and he thinks that this teaching will create economic conditions, not taking account of adverse laws, which may prove formidable to this country.

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As "a fragment from France," sent



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to a British hospital, Bruce Bairnsfather seems to have found the time to write his entertaining literary contribution to the Great War, entitled, "Bullets and Billets." When he reached the trenches from Havre, his first impression was their haphazard design, but afterward impressions followed each other with such rapidity that there was always a new one to be considered. A particularly interesting chapter is that which describes the truce declared by the men, despite their officers, for Christmas day, and how they met in No Man's Land and fraternized, exchanged buttons, and one Bosche actually knelt down and allowed a Tommy to shear his hair with the clippers. Of course, there is much said about the mud; they all tell us about that dismaying feature of a soldier's life in France and Belgium, but despite the most uncomfortable and dangerous conditions, with true British pluck, the author sees and is able to extract much humor from the hard conditions of war. Bairnsfather is England's new humorist. He is an artist, too, and the numerous excellent illustrations are his work. In truth, the work of slaughter is minimized as much as possible, although the author seems to have seen much of it before he was made "a fragment" at Ypres. (Putnam & Sons.)

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One of the very best American books about the war is Max Eastman's volume, published by Mitchell Kennerley, "Understanding Germany, The Only Way to End the War, and Other Essays." The book has searching thought and very clever expression. Eastman writes as a psychologist. He does not "defend" Germany: he explains her. His book is a case of putting the reader in Germany's place and making him look at the conditions prior to the war from that coign. The effect is impressive. We see Germany diplomatically at bay, with the other powers shutting her in. He makes us see the argument against Germany as based on the assumption that the seas are Great Britain's forever, and the war growing out of Germany's assertion of "equality" as against England's claim of "superiority." Belgium! Well, the Germans went to war as war; and we are shocked by what happened in and to Belgium, more than by the like treatment accorded to Greece by the fact that Belgium is nearer to us and better known. The *Lusitania*! Her sinking was reprisal against starvation tactics by Great Britain, but it was in "bad taste," a blunder. Why such blunders? Because Germany's thought and action are based on "absorption with the essence of things to the detriment of form." The national egotism of Germany is objectionable, probably, but Professor Cramb expresses it for England as fiercely as Treitschke does for Germany. Germany's despotic government is what it is because Germans like order and form. They call it "transcendental government." They think that they enjoy a liberty to sacrifice their opinions to the state. They make a virtue of necessity and glorify it. "The chief mark of distinctively German civilization is its combination of self-conscious idealism with unsurpassed technical efficiency and organization in the various fields of action," says John Dewey. Max Eastman suggests that the

German mind compensates with a theory when the body is disappointed of a fact. The German likes to think of himself as a free agent who loves the ideal of an ordered state. And this is the easier in that in Germany the state is well ordered and it takes good care of the individual. "We," says Max Eastman, speaking to United Statesers, "have to construct a genuinely free society out of the confluence of that state-socialism attended by paternal discipline, which is the political contribution of Germany to the world, and that individualistic capitalism attended by want and misery, which is the contribution of England." Mr. Eastman has a good chapter on Nietzsche, not endorsing him, but showing the value in his proclamation of the rule of the strong. Let the strong rule, says Mr. Eastman, but let them rule by their fitness, not by reason of some government-made advantage. Don't hate Germany, says Eastman: hate militarism. Mr. Eastman hopes for a world federation to prevent war, a federation with a congress to adjudicate the national or tribal differences growing out of natural pugnacity and the herd-instinct. Patriotism is only the gang-spirit. He would enlarge the gang—take in more and more of the world. Many other things Mr. Eastman says in a captivating way. He declares the war is uninteresting as seen from as near as he could get to it. But he makes a good apology for Germany at every turn of his argument—writing too as a socialist. He says, finally, that Germany did what other nations have always done in war, but did it rather tactlessly because her power had just come to puberty and the war was the German princes' last chance to stop socialism. A most ingeniously interesting book. It makes a good German case.

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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added, when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

ITALY, FRANCE AND BRITAIN AT WAR by H. G. Wells. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

A few months ago Mr. Wells made a tour of the battle fronts of Europe. His conclusions, based upon personal contact with the rulers, the commanders, the common soldiers and the people of the allied countries, are herein set forth, and he is for the people, as against their rulers. Restraint of trade and advantage of shipping he finds to be the chief material causes of anger between states, and he has come to a belief in the utter futility of monarchy and national egotism. He believes that the simplification of religion to its fundamental idea, the realization of the kingdom of God in the hearts of mankind and the establishment of a world-wide system of republican states, is the only formula for enduring peace. And he longs for peace.

IN THE WILDERNESS by Robert Hichens. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.50.

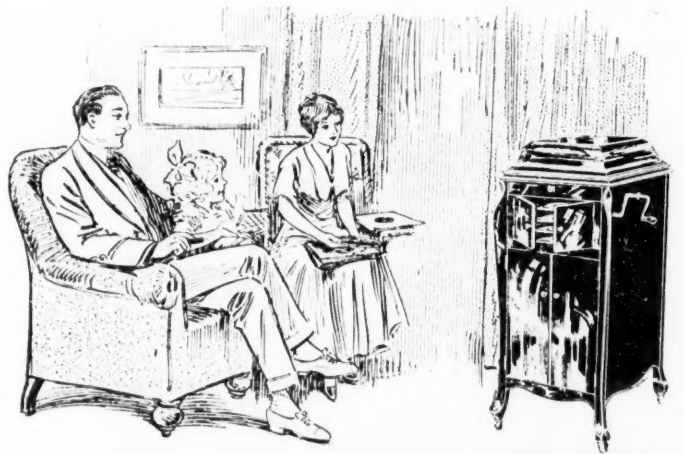
A novel reminiscent of "The Garden of Allah" in that there is the same excellent description of places and delineation of character. Constantinople, Athens and London are made as real as were Africa and Sicily in former books. This book has not been published serially.

LYDIA OF THE PINES by Honore Willis. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.40.

A romance of the pine forests of the upper Mississippi, distinguished by patriotism of theme, strong heart interest and beauty of setting.

THE CALIFORNIACS by Inez Haynes Irwin. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 222 Stockton St.; 75c.

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Letters From the People

Mr. Moore's "Louis XIV"

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

"Naught but kindness towards the defunct" is an exemplary motto, but when the funeral orator digresses from the last, sad eulogies in order to heap coals upon the heads of the mourners, it becomes difficult to maintain the prescribed decorum. At the risk of being held a disturber of the obsequies, I beg to take exception to the imputations contained in an editorial of last week's MIRROR anent Mr. Homer Moore's "Louis XIV." Mr. Moore, you say, "is to be credited with a high artistic accomplishment, even though the music critics of the Republic's rivals almost tied themselves in knots trying to avoid saying as much."

In justice not only to myself, but to Mr. Wegman, of the Times, I assure you that so far from practicing any contortions whatever in a struggle to effect the evasion alleged, we on the contrary delivered the opinion, in comprehensible language, that the work has fatal and inherent faults such as will forever disqualify it from ranking as an "artistic accomplishment." In this judgment every musician and every person of taste with whom I have conversed very heartily concurs, with the solitary exception of Mr. Victor Lichtenstein.

But does Mr. Lichtenstein himself expect to be taken seriously by anyone outside of Boeotia when he maintains, in the same issue of the MIRROR, that the form in which Mr. Moore cast his production is nobody's business but the composer's? Unless all forms are equally valid—a proposition which Mr. Lichtenstein would scarcely be eager to defend—the selection exercised becomes a legitimate subject of discussion. Moreover, as Mr. Lichtenstein is presumably well aware, the "concert" opera—the form employed by Mr. Moore, insofar as he utilized any form whatsoever—was the most degenerate embodiment opera has ever assumed, and came near causing its death as an art-form. Will Mr. Lichtenstein venture to deny that unity is a fundamental requisite of every good style, musical as well as literary? I doubt whether he would have recommended to Glück and Wagner that they sit quiet under the absurdities of Puccini and Rossini and content themselves with murmuring: "After all, it is their business, not ours."

Of course, one does not for a moment suppose that Mr. Lichtenstein entertains any such views. Is not the explanation this: that, as Mr. Moore's *fidus Achates*, he permitted his own prestige to become so involved in the issue of "Louis XIV" as to reduce him, when it failed, to the necessity of minimizing the disaster by every resource at the command of a specious pen? Obviously, the task was a desperate one. How else account for those amazing implications that the persons who condemned "Louis XIV" will presently appear as ridiculous as the scoffers at the great Wagner, and that Mr. Moore, who "will not have to rewrite his opera," is therefore a more successful operatic composer than Dvorak?

No one denies energy and industry to Mr. Moore, or pertinacious pluck in consummating his enterprise under

formidable difficulties. Unfortunately, these admirable qualities, however interesting they may be to biography, are matters of supreme indifference to art, which cares not a whit whether Keats wrote his "Ode to a Grecian Urn" in a few minutes of white-hot inspiration, or whether Gray toiled with anguished devotion for seven years at his "Elegy." It prefers one overture dashed off at a sitting by Mozart to ten thousand symphonies labored by earnest concertmasters. Perceiving that art is careless of the toil and careful only of the achievement, that it is interested not at all in the means but solely in the end, one may predict that the destiny of "Louis XIV," with its motley miscellany of cabaret, musical show and opera, is to find interment in a paragraph of that vast and melancholy tomb of misapplied talents—John Towlers' dictionary of 28,016 operas.

RICHARD L. STOKES.

St. Louis, Feb. 24th, 1917.

"Our Oldest Friend in Europe"

Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 25, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your "Letters from the People"—issue of the 23rd—there is an outpouring under the heading "Who Wants More War?" which is so full of misconceptions and of illogical conclusions from facts that have no existence outside of the minds of some of the frantic foreigners who belong somewhere in the more benighted parts of Europe, just beyond France and Switzerland, that I cannot let it pass without a word. The difficulty centers around the expression, "our oldest friend in Europe in support of our oldest and most persistent enemy." The writer's assumption is that that oldest friend is Germany and the oldest enemy England.

Is it possible that anyone in America capable of addressing a communication to a paper is so ignorant of things as they are and have been as to entertain such a hoary-headed distortion of history? It was not England that was the enemy of the colonies in the Revolution, but a stupid German king obsessed with the same inane notion of the divine right of kings that now makes the Kaiser an intellectual monstrosity some centuries out of date. Out of the twenty-eight standards taken by Washington at Yorktown, it is reported that eighteen were German. Against the ideals and purposes of the king the foremost statesmen of England, the men who represented the national life, Greenville, Chatham, Burke, thundered in Parliament. The speeches delivered by them in defense of the rights of the colonies and in attack upon the outworn pretensions of the Hanoverian dummy are among the world's great examples of oratory. It is because the Americans of those days were Englishmen, and not Germans, because they brought to the new world the ideals that have made England the greatest democracy under a king and the United States the greatest democracy under a president that the products of the intellectual feeding prescribed by autocracy in Germany for its own ends may come to this country and indulge in their mouthings without being put in jail.

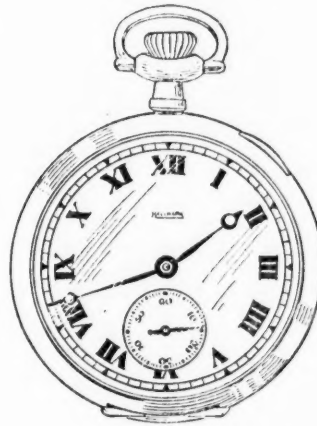
It is a pleasure to discover that the writer realizes that it is "folly to sup-

pose that this conflict between theories of social order can ever cease until the capable, the efficient, the economically most fit shall have superseded the incapable, the inefficient, the unfit." The conclusions drawn from this, however, illustrate the enduring truth that generalizations are easy, and their application hard. The writer makes the naive assumption that Germany is fit and England unfit. Two years from now, perhaps, possibly less, it may interest him to see how his law is working out, but at the moment one or two practical questions are worth more than a horde of mossy abstractions. In the first place, the two highest forms of human endeavor are statesmanship and literature. German statesmanship is child's play in comparison with that of England. For three years now it has been piling up blunder after blunder in a perfect fury of asininity.

The literature of Germany is as backward as her political conceptions. It is not for a moment comparable with that of England, and its period of efflorescence, the period of Lessing and Goethe and Schiller, came two hundred years later than the corresponding period in England, a much greater period, that of Shakespeare and his fellows. In the modern world, German literature cannot rank higher than fourth, preceded by that of England, France, and the United States, and, in quality, if not in quantity, preceded also by that of Scandinavia and Russia. These things are open as the day to anyone who knows, but the sentimentalist never can know. By that token the sincere lover of German letters cannot know, German writing is so swamped in the mush of fantastic vaporings and maudlin sentimentalizing.

It may be conceded that Germany ranks high in patient manual artistry, but she has assumed superiority in some things of the mind, in higher education, in philosophy, in music. In the last of these, Russia is increasingly surpassing her. In philosophy her most recent compelling offerings have been Nietzsche and Treitschke, the one most devastating moral force of the last fifty years and the other the most devastating political force appearing in the

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philosophical world. We are reaping the fruits of German sympathy with them now. Before the war it was clear to

thoughtful observers that American universities were passing those of Germany. In all probability that is now a permanently established condition, a condition emphasized to the American scholastic consciousness by the lying document signed by German professors at the beginning of the war. Not long ago, in this connection, the head of an American state normal school, the bearer of a German name, declared to me that after the war there would not be an American student in a German university. Why should Americans study under men whose teachings must satisfy the judgment and contribute to the ambition of the house of Hohenzollern?

The question, "Who Wants More War?" is not easy to answer, but every good American who has red blood in his veins wants more war, if that is necessary to the success of the Entente. Simply because England and France are obviously the most modern of the great powers of Europe and because the United States may justly consider herself the third great modern power of the world equally advanced in intelligence and the higher human qualities, we know, all of us who care for the finer ideals of civilization, that the Entente must win in the degree that will permit the dictation of the reasonable terms of peace that the Allies have proposed. We realize that, if need be, we should pour our blood into the conflict to that end. If there were any hope that Germany might ever discover her place in the world without being first well hammered over the head, it would be different. Persuasion for those who can be reached in that way, but for minds incapable of projecting themselves out of the Middle Ages, minds that insist upon bringing the Middle Ages along with them into better company—for them, in the name of all the sanities, something else.

It is a pleasure to quote from so sound a historian as Green, relative to the attitude of England at the time of the Revolution:

"The temper of the colonists was in the main that of the bulk of English statesmen. . . . But the king was supreme. . . . The ministry was, in fact, a mere cloak for the direction of public affairs by George himself. . . . George was, in fact, minister —; and the shame of the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door. . . . Congress — ordered the levy of an army and set George Washington at its head. No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life."

In his temper and ways of feeling, it has been recognized that George Washington was essentially an English gentleman. It was so that he was most unmistakably an American gentleman, and it was in that character that he opposed himself to the presumptions of the German autocrat on the throne of England, a king who was neither an Englishman nor a gentleman, and it is interesting to think of him now in comparison with the present head of the German autocracy. Can we see them both as gentlemen? Can we hear them take to each other the tone of gentlemen? Do they seem men of a like class and condition, representatives of two nations

and two civilizations and yet both men born to earth's finer enfranchisements by the qualities that are in them? So observed and so questioned, they form, rather, an interesting contrast, and it does not require a Beau Brummel's social sense to see which of the two might justly have doubts of the other's right to a place in polite society.

If he were alive and occasion offered, would Washington, as a gentleman, feel justified in accepting freely the hand-clasp of the present Emperor of Germany? Would he consider it in keeping with his character and station to grant the King of Prussia the hospitality of Mount Vernon, as we, the American people, have accorded hospitality to his subjects? Assuming that he might conquer some of his scruples and do some of these things, would he then think it a proper mark of respect to summon a Lutheran choir for the singing of "*Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott*," and would he then have the band play "*Deutschland Über Alles*?" Some of our foreign friends seem inclined to be satisfied with nothing less than this cordiality. They count too much on the courtesies of English and American gentlemen. Those courtesies do not demand that we shall grovel before all the beggars at the gate.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

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Funston's Capture of Aguinaldo

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I wonder if your readers noticed this among the things related of General Funston since his passing on:

"Funston led his troops through the campaign which terminated with the capture of Aguinaldo, whose capture, later, he called a 'dirty trick.'"

I was glad to see that, for I had supposed that he continued to take pride in that shameful affair as he did at first, and I had regarded him with the disrespect appropriate therewith.

It was a "dirty trick," even for soldiers, who are supposed to go almost to the extreme of dishonor if their "country's honor" demands it. To bribe a man's friend to betray his hiding-place, send word to the man that you are friendly and are starving, take and eat his food, and then make a prisoner of him—could perfdly go farther? Yet at least one newspaper has not yet reached General Funston's moral height, for the same paper in which the news column carried that item about the dead General, said editorially, the next day: "He captured Aguinaldo almost single-handed by a magnificent piece of strategy."

Who was right? the general who called it a "dirty trick" or the editor who called it "magnificent strategy?" Or are the terms interchangeable in war? CELIA BALDWIN WHITEHEAD.
Denver, Colo., Feb. 22, 1917.

✱

Poor Richard on Rum

Shelbyville, Ky., Feb. 22, 1917.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I note in this week's issue of *Collier's* that you are taken to task in re your view of Benjamin Franklin's temperance. In his autobiography, I find the following:



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And on page 148 (*Harvard Classics*, Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography) I find this passage:

"We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted they were promised besides pay and provisions a gill of rum a day, which was punctually served out to them, half in the morning and the other half in the evening; and I observed they were punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr. Beatty: 'It is perhaps below the dignity of your profession to act as a steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out, and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you.' He liked the thought, undertook the office, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction; and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended. So I thought this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service."

I feel this fairly answers the opposite contention as to Franklin's views on temperance.

S—.

An Open Mind as to the War

February 23, 1917.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

People ask me my opinion of the war. I have no opinions on the war and I do not believe anyone else has. They may have guesses, intuitions, wishes or bets, but it seems to me impossible that anyone should know so much of the facts either as to the causes, the conduct or the outcome, to be entitled to call his lucubrations an opinion.

For instance, for all that any of us knows, Germany's Peace Conference proposal may be due to a threat of the new Emperor, of Austria or of Turkey to make a separate peace. The Allies'

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rejection may be due to special information or misinformation as to Germany's condition or to a proposal of Russia to dicker with Germany for Constantinople unless the Allies assure her of it.

A friend advises me to read a book citing the State papers of the warring

nations and thereby to be convinced that Germany is in the right. I am Irish and have two brothers who married German wives, and are now living in Germany. I am Irish myself and have equal prejudices against all the governments, but I will not read it, because only long research could show me whether I had all the papers and whether they were correctly translated, or even true copies. Even then, my experience as a lawyer convinces me that no correct conclusion can be reached from *ex parte* statements without the opportunity of cross-examination of the witnesses.

So long as diplomatic action is secret or war "news" censored or commercially distorted, it must be so. The intention of such suppression is to keep the public in ignorance. As that prince of jingoes said:

"Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blundered,
Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do and die."

Otherwise, "To hold through, to hold out, and to hold their tongues."

Until this is changed, at least in America, I am against all nationalities and all militarism or "navalism."

My opinions of the German people (who do not constitute Germany) and of the economic causes of all wars are set out in my book on "Thrift."

BOLTON HALL.

29 Broadway, New York.

♦♦♦

At the Theaters

The reverberations of the success achieved by Leo Ditrichstein in "The Great Lover" have preceded him to St. Louis; his artistry has been evidenced locally upon more than one occasion; therefore his coming to the Jefferson theater for the week commencing next Sunday night is but the renewing of an old acquaintance.

As an exponent of picturesque character tinged with eccentricity, and as a dominating factor in the portraiture of temperamental genius, he stands to-day at the head of the theatrical profession; and while his career has been one success after another for a period of over twenty-five years, his greatest triumphs have been achieved in his last four characterizations, namely, "The Concert," where he depicted the erotic pianist; "The Temperamental Journey," in which he played the erratic painter; "The Phantom Rival," where his protean reflection of the gallant was so artistically disclosed, and now in his latest, and said to be his master effort, "The Great Lover," he plays a lionized, petted, pampered grand opera singer who starts at the swish of every silken skirt and falls a willing victim to the smile of every pretty face.

"The Great Lover" was written by Mr. Ditrichstein and Frederic and Fanny Hatton, and is a romantic comedy of delicate touches reflecting an intimate glimpse into the life of a grand opera star, on and off the stage, and is said to be founded upon an incident in the life of Italo Campanini.

The first act is laid in the impresario's office, where the vanities, caprices, ambitions and superstitions of this erratic people are ventilated with a gusto

that is realistic to the minute detail; then there is the star's dressing-room during a gala performance of "Don Giovanni," where the idolized baritone is besieged by a host of *confreres*, who, in a babble of tongues acclaim his popularity, and where the tragic note of the romance occurs; then, in the last act, there is the star's apartment in the hotel, where the romance ends with one of the most unique situations seen upon the stage in many years.

Cohan and Harris have surrounded their star here with almost the same company that aided him so splendidly in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere, and includes: Betty Callish, Essex Dane, Camilla Dalberg, Anna McNaughton, Cora Witherspoon, Florence Page, John Bedouin, Arthur Lewis, Malcolm Fassett, Lee Millar, George E. Romain, William Ricciardi, Alfred Kappeler, Arthur Klein, Amelio Leone, Ugo Ventrelli, Alexis Polianov, Gastoni Pillori and others.

♦

Emma Carus, the musical comedy comedienne, assisted by Harry Comer, will be the headliner at the Columbia next week. This season she trails with her a boy page and her real act begins as she responds to her first applause with songs and dances and confidential chat. Jean Adair and company in a one-act comedy, "Maggie Taylor—Waitress" is an extra attraction. Another one-act comedy, "At Home," is played by Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson. Other numbers are Willing, Bentley and Willing with a new line of patter; Loney Haskell, character monologue comedian; Thea and Winnie Lightner and Newton Alexander, singing and dancing; Friscoe, the Paderewski of the xylophone; Fink's mules and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

♦

The second week of "Intolerance," D. W. Griffith's latest spectacle, will open at the Shubert-Garrick next Sunday night. The basic thought of this magnificent picture is that throughout the ages love has been encompassed by jealousy, hatred and intolerance. Mr. Griffith has taken four parallel stories in each of which love's struggle finds a prominent place; about it the jealousies and hatreds and intolerance of the times are whirlwinds of disaster that result in destruction. One of these stories deals with the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Eve and another with Belshazzar in the days of Babylon. As in previous Griffith productions, the effect is intensified by a symphony orchestra, and in addition there is a chorus of voices.

♦

That Ely's "Dry Town" is an unusually good play is evidenced by its popularity in St. Louis. It is still playing to crowded houses and next Sunday will inaugurate its fifth week at the Players theater. The close of that week will mark the fiftieth performance. "Fifty weeks on Grand avenue" is an excellent slogan. After the performance Monday night, flashlights of each stage setting and of important scenes were taken for use in future productions. The curious members of the audience remained to witness this and the company made the event the occasion for much fun. While waiting for

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a change of scene they staged an impromptu burlesque on "A Dry Town" with Esther Howard—the real star of that show—in Miss Templeton's part, Lewis Ely as *Whiney Jones* and the elongated Arthur Holman as *Susie Meadows*, the ingenue. It is to be regretted that no pictures were taken of that performance. The Christian Hospital Free Clinic benefit has taken the house for next Monday evening, and the Alhambra Grotto for Tuesday.

♦

Mr. George Sidney, legitimate comedian and character impersonator, in a 1917 version of his musical comedy success, "Busy Izzy," will be the attraction at the American theater for the week beginning Sunday matinee. Surrounded by a big company of clever actors and a beauty chorus of twenty, Mr. Sidney offers an entertainment somewhat different from the usual musical comedy. "Busy Izzy" is built solely for laughing purposes and its fun is genuine rather than of the slapstick variety.

♦

The lead at the Grand Opera House for the week beginning Monday will be Josie Flynn's minstrels, being seven young women with excellent entertaining ability and good voices in a singing, dancing and musical act. The Stewart and Downing company will present their second series of "Models de Luxe," and Mlle. Olga will appear with her leopards in a sensational performance. Other numbers will be O'Neal and Gallagher in "The Misfit Couple," the Melnotte

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duo, "A Night Out," Lee Barth, the man with many dialects; Louis London, character singing comedian; August and August, comedy jugglers; the

three Lilliputs, diminutive singers and dancers, and new comedy pictures.

❖

The Victoria theater should be taxed to capacity next Sunday evening as that will be the occasion of a benefit performance for Miss Anna Lofink, the extremely and deservedly popular sou-brette of the German theater company. She will assume the role of *Franzi Steingruber*, the director of a feminine Viennese orchestra, in Strauss' operetta, "A Waltz Dream." So confident is Director Loebel that Strauss' music and Lofink's fun will prove an irresistible attraction that he has spared no expense in providing an appropriate setting. All the parts will be ably filled by the members of the company.

❖

A Hate Song

By Henriette Rousseau

I hate Women.

They get on my Nerves.

There are the Domestic Ones.

They are the worst.

Every moment is packed with Happiness.

They breathe deeply

And walk with large strides, eternally hurrying home

To see about dinner.

They are the kind

Who say, with a tender smile, "Money's not everything."

They are always confronting me with dresses,

Saying, "I made this myself."

They read Woman's Pages and try out the recipes.

Oh, how I hate that kind of women.

Then there are the human Sensitive Plants;

The Bundles of Nerves.

They are different from everybody else; they even tell you so.

Someone is always stepping on their feelings.

Everything hurts them—deeply.

Their eyes are forever filling with tears.

They always want to talk to me about the Real Things.

The things that Matter.

Yes, they know they could write.

Conventions stifle them.

They are always longing to get away—

Away from It All!

—I wish to Heaven they would.

And then there are those who are always in Trouble.

Always.

Usually they have Husband-trouble.

They are Wronged.

They are the women who nobody—

understands.

They wear faint, wistful smiles.

And, when spoken to, they start.

They begin by saying they must suffer in silence.

No one will ever know—

And then they go into details.

Then there are the Well-Informed ones.

They are pests.

They know everything on earth

And will tell you about it gladly.

They feel it their mission to correct wrong impressions.

They know Dates and Middle names.

They absolutely ooze Current Events.

Oh, how they bore me.

There are the ones who simply cannot Fathom

Why all the men are mad about them.

They say they've tried and tried.

They tell you about someone's husband;

What he said

And how he looked when he said it.

And then they sigh and ask,

"My dear, what is there about me?"

—Don't you hate them?

There are the unfailingly Cheerful ones.

They are usually unmarried.

They are always busy making little Gifts

And planning little surprises.

They tell me to be, like them, always looking on the Bright Side.

They ask me what they would do without their sense of humor?

I sometimes yearn to kill them.

Any jury would acquit me.

I hate women.

They get on my Nerves.

—From *Vanity Fair*.

❖❖❖

Next Sunday's Pop

This is the usual open week in the concert schedule for the month and there will be no regular Friday and Saturday Symphony concerts. The next performance of the orchestra will be the Sunday afternoon popular concert of March 4, when Conductor Max Zach will introduce to St. Louis as soloist, Miss Wynne Pyle, the popular young New York pianiste. Miss Pyle is comparatively new to America, although she has made successful concert appearances in New York, Boston and Chicago. She made her American debut as soloist in a concert of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Josef Stransky, conductor. She will play the Liszt concerto in E-flat with the St. Louis orchestra. The programme:

1. Coronation March, from "The Prophet" Meyerbeer
2. Overture to "The Night in May" (First time).....Rimsky-Korsakow
3. (a) "Ronde d'Amour".....Westerhout
(b) "Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
4. Concerto for Piano, in E-flat (in one movement)Liszt
5. Intermezzo, Op. 13.....Arensky
6. Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
7. Rondo all' Ongarese.....Haydn

Monday, Conductor Zach and his men will go to Columbia, Mo., for their second concert this season under the auspices of the University of Missouri. John F. Kiburz, leader of the flute section of the orchestra, will be the soloist.

On Friday and Saturday, March 9 and 10, the first regular symphony concerts of the present month will be given, and Mischa Elman, the famous young Russian violinist, will be the solo artist.

❖❖❖

A Course in Domestic Science

The eyes of the public of St. Louis are being drawn to the splendid constructive work being done for the colored girls of St. Louis by the Wheatley Branch of the Y. W. C. A., located at Garrison and Lucas avenues. Realizing the need of special training to increase the efficiency of those who have to do with the business of housekeeping and classifying the kitchen as the manufacturing center of the home with the housewife or housegirl as manager, the employment department, which has



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placed in the last five years in the homes of St. Louisans many hundreds of girls, has opened a school of housekeeping and domestic science under the direction of Miss Bertha Perry, a graduate of the Shaw University of Raleigh, N.

C. Classes are held Monday, Wednesday and Thursday of each week at 3:30 p. m., night classes Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. The course contemplates instructing the students in the essentials of general housework, cook-

ing, serving, sewing, mending, patching and darning.

The domestic science department has a model gas kitchen fully equipped with time and labor-saving gas appliances, donated by the management of the Laclede Gas Light Company, who are also assisting in the instruction work of the department. On completion of the course, each member who has qualified will be furnished with a certificate.

♦♦♦

Marts and Money

Wall street people feel perplexed and uneasy. They do not like the latest news regarding submarine activities; nor the frank admissions of Premier Lloyd George respecting the gravity of the situation; nor the British declaration of an embargo against the importation of many important commodities. Dissatisfaction is voiced, also, as to the unparalleled freight congestion, the in-ertness of the market for railroad securities, and the indifference of congress to pressing transportation problems. The announcement that the Southern Railway Co. had abandoned its comprehensive refunding scheme drew keen attention. It was promptly taken to be indicative of falling railroad credit, especially so because it came close upon the report that the New York Central had failed in its attempt to sell additional stock at par to its shareholders. Careful note was taken, likewise, of the report that various railroad companies had decided to resume financing their needs by the issuance of short-term notes. On top of all this, there was a deal of caustic and apprehensive criticism of heavy borrowing for the account of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in respect to whose finances Wall street had been filled with fabulous estimates up to two months ago.

It's surely a season of discontent at present. Quoted values show no startling declines, however, except in a few unrepresentative instances. Some investment issues are actually worth a little more to-day than they were a week ago. The downward movement, which followed the sudden ending of the rise of the previous week, was not attended by heavy trading. It was chiefly professional, both in its sources and character. United States Steel common depreciated from 109½ to 106¾; Anaconda, from 80½ to 76¾; Union Pacific common, from 138¾ to 136¾, and American Smelting & Refining, from 102½ to 97½. In the last-given case, the loss in value includes the quarterly dividend of \$1.50. New Haven & Hartford moved in an orbit of its own. It scored an advance of nearly seven points, the high mark being 46, against a minimum of 36¾ to February 16. The improvement was the outcome of information to the effect that arrangements had been completed for taking up the company's notes falling due May 1. The venture-some folks who could not resist the temptation to go short of New Haven at bottom figures must have had some very anxious moments. It has been ever thus, Reginald.

According to Wall street's calculations, the British embargo will result in a material reduction in our exports to that nation. It is not believed, how-

ever, that it will seriously affect shipments of copper, lead, steel, zinc, and various other raw materials. The shares of copper companies displayed singular resiliency during the latest depression. Holders and purchasers found much encouragement in the continued firmness of the metal's market. For the third quarter of the year, leading producers ask 32 to 33 cents a pound. Spot copper is reported very scarce, with the price held at 37 cents. It must not be overlooked, though, that practically all quotations are merely "nominal." This means that there are few transactions of real magnitude. It will be advisable, therefore, to consider the prevailing market not wholly trustworthy, because of its being subject to more or less professional manipulation. The Allied Governments have not as yet placed their orders for the second half of 1917. Current estimates place the total thereof at about 475,000,000 pounds, against 440,000,000 for the first six months of the year. The seeming reluctance to conclude purchases is in some quarters regarded as indicative of expectations of an early termination of the struggle. In the last few weeks, we are told, institutional and private capitalistic investors have been liberal buyers of first-class stocks, railroad and industrial, on the theory that the market values of such issues should record substantial improvement on the announcement of peace negotiations. To the ordinary trader, this kind of reasoning may appear decidedly recondite or flimsy, and not at all borne out by the latest course of the general market. It merits some consideration, though, all the same. Investment buying in anticipation of peace may very well coincide with declining quotations. A severe break furnishes, indeed, the ideal opportunities for financial operations of that kind.

The prices of high-grade bonds are in nearly all cases fractionally lower than they were last week. But they yet remain above the low levels of 1916. Selling pressure is noticeable mainly in the international group; it reflects the confusing conjectures regarding the duration and outcome of the war, as also the probable state of financial affairs after the return of peace. The *Wall Street Journal* declares that some leading financial authorities in New York are disappointed over the results of the third big loan of the British government. Why they should be is not quite clear. The total of subscriptions exceeded \$3,500,000,000. The cap-tious bankers are credited with the state-

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ment, also, that the British government will shortly be compelled to resume the issuance of short-term treasury bills in unlimited amounts. The New York quotation for demand sterling is \$4.75¾, or virtually unchanged. For Italian bills the latest rate is 7.43 lire. This signifies a new absolute minimum. Austrian, French, German, and Russian exchange rates show no variations of consequence.

The average price of the principal finished steel products has reached a new high record. There's ground for skepticism, though, in respect to its reliability. Under such utterly abnormal trade conditions as prevail nowadays, it is not a dangerous pastime to fix arbitrary figures every few days. Producers are booked far ahead, dates of delivery are highly uncertain, and

strained purchasers are willing to pay almost any old price. A similar state of things exists in the lead and zinc industries. It must be remembered, in connection with the steel trade, that producing capacity has greatly been enlarged in recent times, so much so, in fact, that several prominent authorities have seen fit to utter words of warning, lately, as to the perils of overproduction and price-cutting. For the time being, the condition of things is uniquely promising; but this must not induce us to forget the cautionary words of Andrew Carnegie: "Iron is either prince or pauper."

In the grain pits of the Chicago Board of Trade, prices have rallied quite briskly in the past few days. The quotation for May wheat advanced several cents on reports of renewed heavy buy-

ing for foreign account. It is \$1.78 $\frac{1}{4}$ at this moment, against \$1.17 $\frac{1}{2}$ a year ago. Summaries of advices as to crop conditions in the leading foreign countries continue distinctly unfavorable. They warrant the opinion that the value of wheat should be unusually, if not exceptionally, dear throughout 1917 and the first half of 1918. Save for the disastrous submarine warfare, the quotations for wheat options would undoubtedly be still higher than they are at present. Credible statistics make it plain that there will be little or no surplus of wheat in the United States at the close of the running crop year, that is, by July 1, 1917. It can easily be imagined, therefore, what decisive enhancing effect on prices reports of material injury to the growing winter wheat crop in the United States would have in all the markets of the world. The first official estimate of average conditions will be given out April 8. The last estimate, published in December, disclosed a little decline from the corresponding record in 1915.

The New York money market is somewhat easier, six-month funds being rated at 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, against 4 to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ two weeks ago. The latest weekly statement of the Clearing-House banks and trust companies revealed excess reserves of approximately \$166,000,000. Additional gold imports are thought imminent. The sum total of receipts since the first of the year stands at \$130,000,000. From this must be deducted some \$26,000,000 which we have exported to Cuba, South America and Japan. The increasing inflow of yellow metal is taken to foreshadow new loans for belligerent countries.

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Finance in St. Louis.

It was a rather quiet market on Fourth street. The desire to trade was visibly checked by the reactionary tendencies in Wall street. Prices were not seriously damaged, however. The sharpest decline occurred in National Candy common, which lost about three points, most of the sales being effected at 22 to 24.50; the previous top notch was 26. United Railways preferred was a conspicuously strong feature; numerous transactions were made at 16.75 and 17. Last year's low point was 12 $\frac{1}{2}$. The company's 1916 report disclosed gross results of \$12,641,294. Compared with the 1915 record this shows a gain of \$960,093. The net gain was \$621,978. The preferred stock has received no dividends since 1910; about 33 per cent is thus in arrears. There were no official transactions in United Railways common. The 4 per cent bonds were sold at 61. Two thousand dollars East St. Louis & Suburban 5s brought 87.75, and \$3,000 Alton, Granite & St. Louis Traction 5s, 80.

St. Louis Brewing 6s still are quoted at 70, with no offerings at this time. Some Independent Brewing first preferred was taken at 8, while the 6 per cent bonds sold at 46. The quotation for Consolidated Coal was raised to 24, against 20 in the previous week. Over one hundred and fifty shares were transferred. Twenty Union Sand & Material brought 85; five Wagner Electric, 335; fifteen, 330, and thirty Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred, 87.

They did a fairly good business in

the banking department. Thirty State National were transferred at 200.50 and 201. This stock draws 8 per cent per annum. Five Boatmen's Bank brought 104, and ten German Savings Institution, 200. Of the latter stock, a large amount has in recent times been transferred at this figure. Five Mercantile Trust brought 360, against 357 a week ago. Bank of Commerce was dealt in mostly at 116. Twenty-five shares were disposed of at 115 to 115 $\frac{1}{2}$.

In 1916, the Laclede Gas Light Co. expended \$701,967 for extensions and improvements. At the close of the year the common stock dividend fund was \$1,086,559; out of this was taken the 10 per cent extra cash dividend. The company's gross earnings last year recorded a decrease of \$68,307, owing, entirely, to a reduction in rates. Other departments reported a gain of \$57,272. Operating expenses were reduced \$323,673, compared with 1915.

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Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	110	
German Savings Inst.	200	201
Mercantile-Laclede Nat.		288 $\frac{1}{2}$
Nat. Bank of Commerce	115	116
Mercantile Trust	357	365
St. Louis Union Trust	350	
United Railways pfd.	18 $\frac{1}{4}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
do 4s	61	61 $\frac{1}{4}$
Union Depot 6s	101 $\frac{3}{8}$	101 $\frac{3}{4}$
St. L. Cotton Compress	39	
Int. Shoe com.	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	101
do pfd	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Eisenstadt com	125	
do pfd	103	
Hamilton-Brown	135	140
St. L. Brew. Ass'n	70	70 $\frac{1}{4}$
National Candy com	21	21 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chicago Ry. Equipment	105	105 $\frac{3}{4}$
Wagner Electric		330
Miss. R. & Bonne Terre 5s	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	

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Answers to Inquiries.

W. A. M., Paragould, Ark.—General Motors new common can hardly be considered a bargain even at the present price of 104, which compared with 146 $\frac{1}{2}$ on January 4. The dividend rate is only 4 per cent per annum. The stock has persistently been "fed out" in recent weeks on every rally of several points. Some wary traders believe that insiders are encouraging the creation of an extensive short interest. That may very well be so. The manipulative abilities of the controlling crowd cannot be taken lightly. The stock is a speculation, chiefly, for the present time. As regards the company's earnings, Wall street has information of a highly enticing sort. A higher dividend rate is likely to be established before long. A 6 or 7 per cent rate is already pretty well discounted. It must be recollected that the original capital stock has been most generously diluted.

READER, St. Louis.—National Enameling & Stamping common, lately put on a 4 per cent dividend basis, is well spoken of as a speculative proposition. The ruling price of 33 represents a modest valuation. It indicates a net yield of over 12 per cent. The company is earning something like 14 per cent, after the 7 per cent on the preferred. The common dividend is well justified, therefore. Whether the company will be able to pay it after the close of the war is somewhat questionable.

INQUIRER, St. Louis.—The quotations for the shares of former subsidiaries of the Standard Oil Trust have registered extraordinary advances. For this reason, one should be very careful and not at all hasty in purchasing them. They are subject to wide fluctuations, as you

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undoubtedly are well aware of. It would be advisable for you to await a material reaction before putting in a buying order. An investment in a good pipe line stock at an especially favorable opportunity in the market would probably yield substantial profits, if firmly held for some years. There are no valid reasons for ascribing superior merits to pipe certificates. Pipe lines are subject to legal regulation.

H. H. N., Fond du Lac, Wis.—The stock of the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation has no par value. It represents a holding corporation, whose subsidiaries include copper and railway properties in the Cerro de Pasco district of Peru. Present production is at the rate of 75,000,000 pounds a year. Stockholders receive a regular quarterly dividend of \$1 and 50 cents extra. For a long pull, the stock should prove a satisfactory speculation. It has recently been listed on the Stock Exchange. The current price of 37 does not seem high,

but it would be best, nevertheless, to await a further reaction. Wall street is worrying over the submarine situation.

R. J. C., Oskaloosa, Ia.—(1) Cannot advise an investment in Ohio Cities Gas stock. The recent course of the market quotation has not been reassuring. (2) The future course of Chicago Great Western preferred depends, necessarily, to a large extent, upon financial results and evidence that the 4 per cent dividend can be maintained for an indefinite length of time. Judging by prevailing indications, payments will be maintained in 1917. (3) The quotation of Pere Marquette, when issued, should return to your level of 35 as soon as things have righted themselves in the general market. The reorganization is radical, and will put the new company in a sound financial position.

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When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



Mayor Henry W. Kiel

WE BELIEVE Mayor Kiel SHOULD BE RE-ELECTED

BECAUSE he has made good—he has kept the promises he made in 1913.
BECAUSE his administration has made our city more beautiful and comfortable to live in, and safer, too.

HERE are just a few of the big things his administration has put through:

- The completion of the Municipal Bridge.
- Universal Street Car Transfers (anywhere for a nickel).
- The Mullanphy Swimming Pool, and many other public pools and playgrounds.
- A substantial reduction of the water rate.
- Enlarging and Beautifying of the Parks.
- The development of a bigger and better Zoo.
- Elimination of grade crossings.

So let's vote for Mayor Kiel's re-election. Let's keep the man who has made good on the job.

THE KIEL ENDORERS

A non-partisan group of men who believe that Mayor Kiel's re-election means a bigger, better and greater St. Louis.

STANDARD REAL BURLESQUE MATINEE DAILY

Girls From Joyland

With FUNNY BILLY GILBERT

EXTRA THE FALL OF BABYLON EXTRA

NEXT—TANGO QUEENS

AMERICAN EVENINGS & SUNDAY MATINEE 10-25-35-50 MATS., TUES., THURS. & SAT., 25

Starting Next Sunday Matinee and Week: Look Who's Coming to Town! The Inimitable Comedian, GEORGE SIDNEY, in the 1917 Edition of the Furiously Funny Musical Comedy, "BUSY IZZY" with CARRIE WEBER and Great Beauty Chorus; an Avalanche of Fun; a Deluge of Song and Music.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10-20c Starting Monday, March 5 and Week.

Josie Flynn's Minstrels, an all girl show which has been described as the acme of minstrelsy. Olga's Leopards, vaudeville's most sensational act. The Stewart and Downing Company will present "The Models De Luxe." O'Neal and Gallagher, in "The Misfit Couple." The Melnotte Duo, in "A Night Out." Lee Barth, the man with many dialects. Louis London, character singing comedian. August and August, comedy jugglers. The Three Lilliputs, diminutive, but proficient singers. Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.

COLUMBIA—Orpheum Vaudeville—TWICE DAILY 2:15—8:15

MELVILLE IRENE
ELLIS AND BORDONI

At the Piano, In Song,
EXTRA FEATURE and Co., in
Sarah Padden "THE CLOD"
Bert Fitzgibbon

Raymond Bond & Co.
Riggs & Ryan
Orpheum Weekly
Raymond & Caverley
Ruth Budd
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde
Eves., 10c to 75c; Mats., 10c to 50c.

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

MAX ZACH, Conductor.

ODEON

POP CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 3:15

25c Popular Prices 50c

Soloist—WYNNE PYLE—Pianist

While there are no symphony concerts of the Friday and Saturday series this week, patrons of the Symphony Orchestra will be able to hear a delightful miscellaneous program at the Sunday afternoon popular concert. Come, and bring your friends.

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